ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

It is a long cry back to the days when tents were used instead of shooting lodges for grouse shooting parties on the Scottish moors. Then, at dusk, when tent flaps were let down, lamps lighted, and cigars and whiskey produced, sport had a real charm which no amount of present-day luxury and comfort can yield.

Maximum of ease and minimum of labour seem to cut at the very vitals of the true sporting instincts. Grouse shooting is not attracting the young man as once it did. It is now a "cultured," leisurely sport with so many additional social pleasures at the lodges that the real issue of the visit North is largely lost.

* * * *

It is much the same when the grouse appears on the table. People want to say they have eaten it as near to the morning of the twelfth as possible. It is typical of the times. Some Americans were enjoying grouse on the night of the twelfth at Simpson's, accompanying their repast with melon, Manhattans and lager beer. Each man to his taste. Pepper, salt and mustard were freely used. "This Manhattan is not so harsh as it is at home," one remarked, as well he might, and another of the party, a stout Chicagoan lady, declared that in her opinion the American "patridge," not partridge, to give the rough grouse of the North American woods its true western pronunciation, "had the Scottish grouse beaten miles." These Americans were hungry mortals, and both male and female were not above picking bones and smacking their lips.

* * * *

If a grouse moor is now a fashionable necessity, stalking deer is confined to the best type of sportsman. There is a commendable desire of many visitors to our shores to shoot a stag. A distinguished Indian ruling Prince, in his eagerness to see the quarry when the stalk was almost successful, put his head up above the heather at the crucial moment. He met with a stern and instant rebuff from the forester lying by his side, who, however polite he had been to His Highness during the earlier stages of the hunt, was at this vital moment tense with natural sporting instincts. "Doon, doon, ye black divil, doon!" he muttered as he laid his big hand on the Maharajah's head and brought it down heavily beneath the tufts of heather.

It was not rude, for the Highland forester has strong emotions when stalking, and generally gives vent to his feelings in the presence of the stag when shot.

* * * *

Very different to the stalking of stags in Scotland is deer hunting in America. There the deer frequent the woods, and in the late autumn a great number of American sportsmen—

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I am, sirs,
Your obedient servant,

Clough Williams-Ellis

PRESIDENT

far too many—set out to get a kill which is by no means easy. Parties of hunters stay for weeks in the woods, and a large percentage never secure a single deer, though daily on the track of scores. These deer take a deal of shooting running between the tree trunks, and there is so great an anxiety to shoot at something moving that not at all infrequently the trigger is pulled at another hunter roaming through the woods, with disastrous results. The toll of hunters has in past years been so great that now they wear a conspicuous coloured rosette and a red flash in their caps to warn others they are not deer.

* * * *

Meantime, for breakfast on the moors or in the wood, cold grouse, York or Suffolk ham, coffee with Benedictine. After this, the tang of the air will have a new meaning.

* * * *

The Premier will not be seen shooting on the moors. To him the moors are beauty walks, nothing more. Prime Ministers of recent days are not famous for the use of the gun. Mr. Lloyd George has yet to learn to handle one, Mr. Baldwin has not shot for a long time and Bonar Law was never a devotee of field sports of the chase.

Nor for that matter were Balfour, Asquith and Salisbury. Balfour had shot a few stags in his younger and more adventurous days and Asquith and Salisbury may have shot a few pheasants. The present Front Bench occupants would all need to go to a shooting school if they wanted to take out a licence, as a number of would-be grouse shots—chiefly American—have been doing recently, learning there at the same time the necessary etiquette of the butts before going North. This is sadly needed by tyros, for last year one or two serious, if comical, accidents took place, to the fierce rage, indeed, of one noble owner of moors who was hit in the back.

* * * *

General Sir Robert Cassels, who is in supreme command of the forces in Northern India, is considered to be by many good military judges the most able soldier-administrator in the Army. There is little doubt that when Sir Philip Chetwode lays down the office of Commander-in-Chief in India in November 1934, his successor will be Sir Robert Cassels, for it is India's turn then to nominate the " C.-in-C."

* * * *

The systematic turn of Sir Robert's mind can be seen in the recent concentration of troops on the N.W. Frontier. The marshalling of reinforcements on the railway east of Peshawar by bringing up the Jhansi Brigade from the Eastern Command and advancing the Rawal Pindi Brigade to Nowshera gave a large force at the disposal of the British authorities within striking distance of any threatened area from Malakand-Peshawar-Kohat. Those responsible for the unrest among the tribesmen, and their number is legion both in India and outside India, will probably not risk giving the tribes a severe hiding, now thoroughly deserved by the Afridis and others. A severe hiding means seven to ten years' peace.

ON page 300 of his Nature of the Physical World, Sir Arthur Eddington writes: "Human life is proverbially uncertain; few things are more certain than the solvency of a life-insurance company."

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The G.O.C.'s of the Frontier commands are all products of the British public schools of late Victorian days and, with the exception of Sir Charles Harington, who has the Western Command, have a life-time's knowledge of India. These men wear well, far better than many soldiers who have not served long in India, which is at least a tribute to the climate. Three brothers, with an average of 34 years service in India, lived to 82, 81, and 69, which is more than many professional men at home do.

* * * *

Godwin at Peshawar is an old Westward Ho! boy, and Coleridge at Kohat an old Wellingtonian. Jack Coleridge is a young man as Major-Generals go these days, and a lucky as well as capable one. He came out to France with the Gurkhas, with whom he did all his early soldiering, as senior Captain, left France as a Brevet-Colonel, and after a Staff College command at Quetta was Military Secretary to "Birdie" during his four years as Commander-in-Chief. Coleridge has only native troops under his command, and if the tribesmen south of the Khyber Pass get moving, he will have a good deal of responsibility on his shoulders, but they are broad enough to bear it, for he is a big fellow as well as a hundred per cent. soldier.

* * * *

For the time being tennis and golf must be foresworn in the Cantonments' area, south-west of Peshawar, but there are hopes

the trouble there may be over when the hunting season begins. Though there is much desert land between Pindi and Peshawar, the latter has apple and peach orchards and many rose gardens, roses that for scent are more fragrant even than ours.

* * * *

The popularity of football on the Continent can be ascribed in some degree to the war, for wherever British soldiers had a ball, whether of paper or leather, they kicked it about to the manifest interest and amazement of the natives. It might be well if the Russians were allowed to play football, for they have a considerable aptitude for the game, but no doubt the Cheka would hold that it was a capitalistic form of sport and therefore *défendu*.

* * * *

Nevertheless, the game had once a profound effect for good on a Russian regiment, the Olonetz regiment, which was run by British officers in 1919 in North Russia. Karelians and Slavo-Brits (the latter an excellent nomenclature for White Russians) had very little energy, initiative and swing. Football was tried as the remedy. The first games were remarkable for their brutality. About a hundred played on each side on a large open ground not far from the head of Lake Onega.

They rushed at the ball, kicking vigorously at each other's shins, and played a mixture of Rugby and Association, immensely enjoying the game.

But in due time they were taught its rudiments, and in three months quite an excellent team was evolved, so excellent that in a match between the Olonetz regiment (two British officers playing, one in goal, and one at full back) against the Brigade of Royal Artillery, who had a splendid team, the "Gunners" won by only two goals to one.

And, incidentally, when in the field again, this Russian unit was undoubtedly the best of the Russian White regiments.

* * * *

The Imperial War Graves Commission have not had a great success in dealing with the difficult problem of British dead in North Russia. The interruption of diplomatic relations had its effect, but for all that the difficulties of the country through which our troops operated have been a contributing factor to the delay and inability to find a certain number of the graves. To reach some of our graves would mean waiting till winter froze the swamp lands between the railway line and the village cemeteries in which they are situated.

* * * *

How the Soviet have contrived to run the Murmansk railway since 1919, it would be interesting to know. We found it a very uphill and expensive task, for the line is single, largely laid on sand, with tundra swamps on either side. Its construction by German and Austrian prisoners of war during the early part of the war was a great feat, although it is credibly reported that for every sleeper laid down between the head of Lake Onega to

Murmansk, a distance of several hundred miles, one prisoner of war perished in the hardships of that severe climate.

Still it should be possible to trace the grave of every British officer and soldier, and this should be done. It is not at all likely that their graves have been disturbed, and the restored relations with Russia should be used to discover any that are now neglected or have not yet been found.

* * * *

The plaint of the bookmakers that they are having a thin time this year is typical of the mentality of the ring. They are the first to shout directly they suffer, and even before, whereas the army of backers have suffered consistently for years without murmur. The amazing feature of the bookmakers' "cry" is the sympathy they receive from a certain section of the Press. The average racegoer gets thoroughly tired and disgusted with their continual whines that they are losing. Scarcely a big race passes by—even if the winner is a rank outsider—but some bookmakers take good care to inform all and sundry that they have had a bad race. Sympathy should be with the backers all the time, for but comparatively few racegoers make racing pay, and those that do must have great powers of self-control, great discrimination of racing values, and judgment of horses, and a pretty sound introspective analysis of the motives of trainer and owner in their racing policy.

* * * *

I recall a man—he had a fair capital to start with—who made a regular £5,000 a year out of the game of backing horses. But his life was a slavery, and no professional man worked harder for a living. He attended the chief meetings with regularity, which meant much travelling, kept himself to himself, watched every race with critical eyes through the finest of glasses, and made his own judgment of form. And he made but few bets—when he did, he put the money down. But for one man like this there are ten thousand punters and more who back their fancies with certain eventual gains to the bookmakers.

* * * *

The proof that the ring wins and the backer loses is provided quite simply. Those with long racing experience know that the same faces are seen in the ring, year in, year out, decade in, decade out, whereas the faces of backers are always changing. Some last two, three, to five years, then disappear. Others—they are few—last a little longer, but in the end they leave their fortunes in the ring and join the army of sportsmen who speak from bitter experience. The odds are heavily in favour of the bookmakers' and their squealing this year is due more to the tote than to successful backers. The truth is that the tote is beginning to weigh heavily against the ring. The small punter uses the tote more and more, and the small punter has been the bookmakers' friend. The result will be that the ring of bookmakers will be gradually reduced in size and the silver ring bookmaker largely eliminated when the tote becomes more perfect in its details and in general operation.

Correspondence

The Rise of Our Present Democracy

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

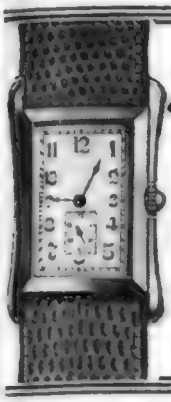
SIR,—In attacking the "unspeakable tyrannies" of our present democracy, the Honourable Stephen Coleridge, in your July issue, paints an alluring picture of the political life of the 18th and early 19th centuries which appears to be out of perspective. When he enlarges upon his theme and tells us with candid ingenuity that the splendid race of country gentlemen who governed the country during this period were distinguished people from birth, who combined hereditary wealth with the ability to govern, giving up their lives from a true sense of public duty, one is reminded of the famous retort to Boswell when he expressed his fear that, if he were in Parliament, he would be unhappy when affairs went wrong. "That's cant, sir," replied the Doctor, "Public affairs vex no man."

From the early 18th century, it is true, the landed gentry became practically supreme in the land, not only national but local administration passing into their hands. Their policy of the extermination of the yeomen, however, bringing after it great poverty and unemployment, and breeding in the people a spirit of servile dependence, is an unfortunate phase in the history of the nation.

The landed gentry maintained the supremacy they acquired, not as Mr. Stephen Coleridge asserts, by the custom of primogeniture of bequests, but by the advance of trade, which in course of time produced an almost new race of landowners. The ancient families married into the city for money, and land, which was the foundation of social as well as political influence, was eagerly coveted by the "new rich" of those days. For instance, the landowners in the West of England, who, in the words of Defoe "carried their heads so high," made their fortunes in the clothing trade.

The power of making laws, which became concentrated in the hands of the landed gentry, was not unnaturally wielded in their own interests. The yeomen, whose stout hearts brought victory to Cromwell and Fairfax, and who at one time were not only prosperous but formed one-sixth of the entire population, were practically forced out of existence during the 18th century. Agricultural labourers, from being prosperous and enjoying many useful privileges under Elizabeth and the Stuarts, sank into destitution under the landed gentry, whilst the problem of pauperism became so acute that the Poor Rate rose from 3s. 7d. per head of the population in 1760 to 13s. 3d. in 1818. The Statute Book was disfigured by laws such as the law of Master and Servant, which made breach of contract on the part of an employer a civil offence, and on the part of an employee a crime.

The change we are witnessing is not one which has been thrust upon the nation; in the phenomenon of Britain arousing herself



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anew, we detect a spiritual regeneration, a natural crisis to be accepted as an instinctive effort of the race.

The landed gentry undoubtedly possessed ideals and a high sense of patriotism, but their sphere lay in talk rather than in action, and if democracy has been the means of the parliamentary debates losing what Mr. Stephen Coleridge terms the "grand style," let us thank God for it. The luminous language peculiar to the debates during the period to which he refers might often be described by a name other than talk.

His statement that payment of members has brought into the House of Commons a new class of men, to whom, lacking the ease and breeding of country gentlemen and "mostly absorbed in the struggle for life, the high policy that gave us our Empire makes but a feeble appeal," sounds so much like the Baconian theory that comment upon it would be superfluous.

The measure of equality which democracy has brought teaches us that we are no longer the recipients of that class tradition which the Honourable Stephen Coleridge has so irregularly defined, but heirs of a nation's history and fellow citizens in the British Empire.

Yours faithfully,

CECIL AUSTIN.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
SEPTEMBER, 1930.

Current Comments

The Session

THE last session has further weakened the prestige of Parliament and has brought the day of revolt from the mid-Victorian experiment considerably nearer. The experiment has been a brief one. Monarchical government lasted from Norman times with very few modifications until 1649. Oligarchical government lasted from the Restoration till the second Reform Bill, a period of nearly 200 years. Both forms of government survived so many crises, and faced the problems of so many different generations with relative success that we can say of them that at least they worked. Of modern Parliamentary government—government by counting heads—we can say only one thing with confidence: whatever its merits, it does not work. Unfortunately, to admit as much, while it is a commonplace with all who think with the extreme Right or the extreme Left, is regarded as dangerous by the men of the Centre. Parliamentarianism, designed as a means to securing the general happiness and well-being by combining liberty with order, and discipline with self-respect, has survived to-day as an end in itself. Industries may perish; men may starve; the Empire may split in two; anarchy may spread over two continents, but the principles of representative government must be maintained everywhere and all the time.

Let Laws and Learning, Art and Commerce die,
But spare Gladstonian democracy.

Such is the chorus from the three front benches, each of whom honestly prefers to see one of the other two in office than any drastic change in our institutions.

Complacency and its Results

THIS mutual complacency is maintained not in face of an academic challenge, but of proved failure, resulting in widespread indignation. The last session has underlined the extent of the failure and heightened the indignation. That, of course, is the real significance of the Beaverbrook revolt, every bit as much as of the Maxton revolt. Simultaneously, it is the real cause of the revolts in India and Egypt. To take the home front first: what

has our sacrosanct Parliament done? Faced with an acute industrial crisis and threatened with an even more disastrous financial crisis in the Spring (to which it is considered bad form to allude, because it affects the advertisement revenue of the daily press), it has appointed a Committee to consider the working of the Unemployment Insurance scheme; it has increased direct and (by means of the Coal Mines Act) indirect taxation, and passed a slum clearance Act for compulsorily re-housing people who cannot afford even the houses in which they at present live. It is not the height of statesmanship to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen, but in the case of the horse Prosperity the government have behaved even more strangely. They have decided as their one piece of constructive legislation to provide a new stable in the hope that amid all the consequent bustle and excitement the absence of the horse will pass unnoticed.

Parliament Abdicates

PARLIAMENTARY government has proved equally futile in imperial and foreign affairs. To the credit of the back-benchers has to be placed one sound and historic contribution to the Indian problem, i.e. the Simon Report. But the Report has been set aside by the government, with Parliament an impotent spectator of its own supersession, in favour of the deliberations of a round table conference, a procedure which not only flouts the Parliamentary Commission, but sets at nought the provisions of the very Act under which India to-day is governed. In Egypt the situation has been saved by an astute *coup de force* carried out with the tacit disapproval of the British Government, but without active protests from the Egyptians themselves. Our own position in Egypt is the most ridiculous possible. We insist on remaining in Egypt, but we insist equally on the consent of a freely elected Parliament, and a freely elected Parliament refuses to consent. The fact is that representative democracy and government are flatly incompatible. A national government which can only do what the majority wish can only govern for so long as it happens that what the majority wish is wise. An Imperial Government which can only do in each dependency what the inhabitants want it to do can only govern as long as its subject States ask it to do so. When the requisite con-

ditions at home and overseas are unfulfilled, representative democracy becomes a series of dishonourable evasions.

Front Bench Micawbers

THE situation at home to-day is a perfect illustration of this truth. The cure for unemployment is national economy and the removal of restrictions on output, whether due to capitalist inefficiency or trade union obscurantism. Everyone knows this except Mr. Maxton, and he has a shrewd suspicion. But as the electors have no intention of voting themselves less leisure, less education, less social services, or, indeed, less of anything except work, successive governments, caught in the toils of their own democratic perorations, can do just nothing. They daren't actually increase the social services, which alone would bring them popularity. They daren't decrease them, which alone would bring back prosperity. So they devote weeks to a Transport Bill which nobody wants or cares about, and concentrate their real energies on finding expedients which in one way or another may bring in enough money to keep the people quiet for a year or two longer. By then they hope that " something may turn up " to restore our industries. It very well may, but it will be something which front bench politicians will find very little to their taste.

The Crisis and the Way Out.

IN saying this, we do not wish to appear to criticize the policy of the Conservative Party. We think, indeed, that this policy is a good bit better than the Conservative leaders appear to. It is they, not we, who are unwilling to submit it to the judgment of the electors, with the result that the City is forced to contemplate the possibility of another Snowden budget. But we admit readily that in a matter of this kind the judgment of the professional politician may well be better than our own, and the statement so often heard that " no party is prepared to face an election " is but the crowning illustration of the breakdown of the parliamentary system. The fact is that, save for some accident of chance, such as the Red Letter, it is impossible for a party to get into office without promising what it cannot fulfil. The situation can only have three endings : The first is a bold appeal by a right wing group for popular support for a policy of national retrenchment under reasonable guarantees. The second is a national ministry, the basis of which would be a

joint recantation by all three parties of their past follies. The third is a dictatorship. Sooner or later the parliamentary experiment must end in one of these three ways, only one of which would leave it with a semblance of life. That one, of course, is a frank appeal by the right wing parties or groups for national support in a national emergency. Unfortunately the activities of the Press Lords, and the Socialistic inclinations of many of the Conservative leaders make such an appeal unlikely.

THIS analysis of the situation reflects a fundamental change in the facts of the case since our last notes.

The Flight from Free Trade Proceeds

For some months it has appeared that the only obstacle to a Conservative victory at the polls in the near future lay in the disunity of the Party. Granted a united party, it was evident that the policy of safeguarding and agricultural subsidies would sweep the country, neither of the other parties having any policy at all (excepting always the extreme left wing of Labour). Recently, however, it has become evident that the present budget will yield a heavy deficit, and that the flight from Free Trade has spread, not only to the trade union section of the Labour Party, but even to the academic Liberals, as represented by Mr. E. D. Simon and Mr. W. W. Paine. It is too early to know what the upshot will be, but it is certain that, without a reduction in the amount of out-relief and the rate of unemployment benefit, and the early repeal of the lax and wicked provisions of the last Unemployment Insurance Act, the Government must find a new source of revenue. This suggests that Mr. E. D. Simon's proposal for a 10 per cent. *ad valorem* import duty on all foreign manufactures may be offered to the country by the Labour Party as a substantial instalment of Protection. Alternatively, the Party may split.

THE resulting situation would in no case be healthy or hopeful. In writing of Safeguarding, Empire Free Trade, or insular Protection, we have always in these notes been careful to stress the relative unimportance of the fiscal system under which people live, by comparison with the supreme importance of the *manner* in

The Dangers of a Tariff for Revenue

which people live under whatever their fiscal system may be. An instalment of insular Protection, granted haphazard and without conditions for the sole purpose of maintaining a suicidal rate of public expenditure, would be nothing short of a disaster. It would reduce us in a very short time to the economic state of Australia, without the counteracting advantage of stimulating the home market. Economically, the effect would be to decrease our exports still further without keeping down our imports. Socially, it would merely provide a fresh but rapidly exhausted supply of ready cash for distribution by the Socialists on either side of the house to their constituents.

The Essentials of a Wise Tariff Policy

In view of the fact that the two left-wing parties are both flirting with this proposal, which has already been tentatively blended by Mr. Winston Churchill, it is necessary to reaffirm the elements of the matter. A Tariff for revenue purposes can do nothing to restore our industrial supremacy, and its efficacy must be judged solely by reference to the purposes for which the money is required. When, as here, the money is required for extensions of our "social services," we are merely being asked to accept a percentage reduction in our standard of living for the purpose of stimulating unemployment. For further unemployment, and that alone, will be the result of a further increase in our annual national expenditure. Further, a tariff is of all ways the worst way of raising revenue. The public pay twice what the Government get. Safeguarding or any coherent Protection system must always and all the time ignore the question of revenue. Its purpose is to secure the home market and give industry the economic benefits of large-scale production. The value of Safeguarding depends on three things: the first is its success in protecting the home market which it sets out to protect; the second is in the wise selection of these markets; the third is that it is accompanied by the systematic reorganization and re-equipment of industry, and by legislation designed to differentiate drastically between the rewards of hard work and the maintenance given to the idle.

We are glad to note in this connection a real dawning of light on this question of unemployment relief. It is at last being realized that it is impracticable to distinguish between those who are idle, as the saying goes, "through no fault of their own" and those who are idle for reasons within their control. The unemployed can be effectively divided by administrative action into two classes and two only: those qualified for benefit and those not qualified. Probably, as a matter of fact, it is among those qualified that the grossest cases of voluntary idleness are to be found. It is common knowledge that employers are as much to blame in many districts as employed. Both are exploiting a foolish system. There is, however, this to be said for the employers; for every 100 men an employer takes on, he pays in premiums £715 per annum. The employee in effect pays nothing. The present rates of wages have been fixed since the weekly deductions became compulsory and have thus been discounted. The plain fact is that the State decided on certain conditions to pay men to be idle and that it has been found impossible and indeed inequitable to maintain the conditions. Opinion in all parties is fortunately veering round to-day to the view that unemployment benefit must be limited finally and absolutely to the actuarial value of the contributions paid, and that relief to those not qualified for benefit must be in kind, not in cash. This is a drastic solution but probably the only possible one. The immense increase in the cost of "transitional benefit" (i.e. the dole proper) since the last Act has convinced everyone, including the authors of the Act, that as long as people are entitled to draw other people's money for doing nothing, enough of these will come forward to bankrupt the country in a very short time. It is known that the increase in applicants since the last Act was passed has surprised even those who opposed it most bitterly at the time.

Disillusion About the Dole

The flight of the R 100 to Canada has at last taken place, and has been followed by the expected announcement that an airship three times the size and four times as costly must be built before a transatlantic service can be begun. What is not stated is why the audacious claim is made that with this super-airship a regular service would be

More Air Nonsense

possible. It is time to be outspoken and to say bluntly that a regular airship service to Canada is impossible, will be impossible, and is known to everyone concerned to be impossible. The only doubtful point is the reason for the Press silence on this point. It is as discreditable as the attempts made to prove by faked statistics that air travel is safe. It is many thousand times more unsafe than any other form of transportation, as far as human life is concerned. This again is known and it may be as well to point out the subterfuge by which the fact is concealed. The figures give casualties per mile flown, and ignore the difference between the passenger carrying capacity of the aeroplane, the liner, the train. Thus a train travelling 700 miles travels, say, 350,000 passenger miles. An aeroplane going the same distance probably travels 1,400 passenger miles. If therefore the same number of passenger casualties occurs per engine mile travelled between, say, London and Moscow, the risk of air travel would be (in this hypothetical case) several hundred times as great. The time factor must also be reckoned with to get an accurate comparison, since one of the vaunted advantages of air travel is the greater range of travel which it affords. It is unfair therefore to compare distance only.

The Indian Military Situation

THE recent events on the Indian frontier show that the optimistic nonsense talked by " air-minded " people is a real danger as well as an annoyance. To be fair, the air force themselves are well aware of the futility of air bombing as a menace of offence against tribesmen who hide in caves by day and who have no fixed base or lines of communications which can be attacked by night. The air force and " air-minded " politicians and soldiers are, however, responsible for the policy of giving over large sectors of the Empire's frontier defences to be policed by aircraft, and the Press back them up by reporting invariably the immense successes which the air force have achieved. Actually, the history of this experiment is that in Iraq, in Palestine and on the North-West Frontier the policy of indiscriminate bombing has failed equally in the face of civil commotion, military rebellion, and invasion. The air force personnel in armoured cars did admirable work in the recent Palestine revolt, and anything that skill, courage and a lavish

expenditure of ammunition could do has been done at Peshawar. But if the Afridis are retreating (which is in doubt), they are not retreating because of the air force operations, which have certainly not inflicted a hundred casualties, but before the concentration of our other troops. The withdrawal of cavalry and infantry from distant stations appears to be an economy, but since the only thing which air bombing can achieve against irregular formations in desert country is to bomb the women and children in their villages, it is futile to regard air defence either as a military guarantee or a civilizing influence. We are bringing back barbarous methods to achieve a delusive economy.

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien

THE death of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien is the loss of a soldier who had the unique distinction in the last war of fighting a decisive battle with an army of pre-war size (judging by British standards). To write of this fine soldier as a great general by the continental standard is, of course, absurd. It was his great good fortune that his supreme opportunity came to him at a moment when the operations were on a scale with which he was familiar. The problem at Le Cateau was of the type which is often set in Army manœuvres, and the numbers under Smith-Dorrien's command were such as he had often commanded in the past. But we can safely say that to the problem before him he found the correct solutions and materially helped in solving it to defeat the German plan. For the failure of the British to hammer Von Kluck, when his turn came to retreat, Sir Horace's corps was not responsible. His desire to evacuate the Ypres salient is more debatable. Knowing what we do to-day, Lord Ypres was probably right in holding on. Our defence of Ypres was in the nature of a bluff, but bluff is a legitimate operation of war and our costly but inflexible resistance was probably responsible for Falkenhayn's decision in November, 1914, to transfer his attentions to the East. The result of the differences between the two generals was to deprive the British army of the services of a fine soldier; whether we lost a potential Army-group Commander must remain a matter of opinion.

ONE of the key questions in the tariff controversy is

Exports and Imports

whether, in fact, imports create exports. Is it true to say that the more we buy from abroad, the more we sell? Personally I believe this to be the root fallacy of the Free Trade position when it is stated in this way. It is, of course, true that exports are necessary to pay for imports, unless they are paid for in gold, by borrowing or by services. It is, therefore, argued that as we are not borrowing, and not exporting gold, we must be balancing our account. The fallacy lies in supposing that there is a definite accounting period in international trade. If we look at it in the concrete, it is obvious that the fact that an Englishman buys a motor-car in America does not in itself lead an American to buy the equivalent in English goods. No one in America will buy an extra dollar's worth of English goods as the result of my buying American goods. Is it not, indeed, a fact that a nation can, like a public company, trade at a loss for some long time without running short of the necessary cash for its annual outgoings? And is it not also a fact that the actual result of a nation buying from abroad more than it sells abroad is not in practice an export of gold, but a widespread series of trading losses by its citizens? The question requires, in our view, to be reconsidered from this angle. Its bearing on the tariff controversy is obvious. Another factor to be considered is the passing of fixed assets and shares in industrial undertakings into foreign hands. This is, of course, paying for our annual consumption out of capital, with disastrous political, as well as economic, consequences. Our own view is that we are at the moment importing far more than we can afford, that in part we are carrying our losses forward, and in part liquidating them by capital payments. If so, the stock free trade argument becomes a very compelling argument on the other side.

Records

THE craze for "Records" continues unabated. It takes a heavy toll of valuable lives—the name of Sir Henry Segrave will occur at once to all—and is a sheer economic waste. Is it justified? More thought should surely be given to the question in an age when we see subsidized attempts on records of all kinds, when whole generations of athletes and mechanics devote their lives to compiling records, and whole generations of other people to reading about

records and watching them being beaten. For our part we can see much virtue in individual feats of skill and endurance when they are in fact individual. But most records do not reflect any individuality. A thousand people could do half the things which attract the attention of the world, if someone paid them. Mountaineers and explorers, for instance, are born not made; if the State offered £10,000 to each of the first fifty people to climb Mt. Everest, it is improbable that Everest would be climbed even once. It is certain that if it were climbed, it would be by some one of half a dozen men whose names are already known. But with all respect to Miss Amy Johnson, it is certain that if the same reward were offered for a flight to Australia, the whole of the prizes would be won within a year.

The Transport Bill

It is doubtful if any worse Act than the new Road Transport Act could be imagined. The device of removing the speed limit in order to diminish the disgraceful number of casualties from motoring is just the kind of superficial "cleverness" which one expects in these days. The reason why the present speed limit is ineffective to keep the roads safe is because it is not enforced, being too high in some places and too low in others. But the real defect of the present law is not in regard to the speed limit, but in regard to the penalties for dangerous driving. To send a man to gaol for stealing and to fine a man £50 for dangerous driving is wicked. There are plenty of excuses for stealing; none for the callous indifference of motorists to human life; the risks which they take are purely selfish, and what is worse, purely foolish. As for the argument that the pedestrian is at fault, the law should not allow motorists to drive at a pace which requires everyone else on the roads to be cool, sure-footed and capable of forming quick decisions and accurate judgments of time and distance. Many men who possess none of the qualities necessary to safety in a pedestrian are valuable citizens; few motorists who habitually drive at forty miles are anything of the kind. Unfortunately the new Act provides a paradise for these people, and a hell for everybody else. By providing a qualitative instead of a quantitative test of bad driving it ensures a minimum of convictions and a maximum of casualties. Perhaps this is progress.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

"Assurance?"—The most important event of the past few weeks in France has been the coming into operation of the Social Assurance Law, with its accompaniment of serious sectional strikes and the frequently brandished threat of a general strike. At the time of writing there is still no sign of a settlement of the strike in the northern textile area, which was the outstanding "overt" movement in connection with the measure, but this conflict may be ended before long. In this instance the operatives have a case that merits eventual hearing, and no doubt they will secure a number of their points.

Tactical Legislation.—What is most serious about this Social Assurance Law is that it seems to have been engineered for other purposes than the mere establishment of a compulsory scheme of insurance for the whole of French workers. And what is most peculiar about the measure is that it was rushed through without either workers or employers showing the slightest call for it. Everything that has happened, in fact, indicates that the workers have a strong dislike of it. They are opposed to the principle of a compulsory deduction from their wages for a purpose which they have hitherto found means of dealing with fairly satisfactorily themselves.

Perplexed Employers.—On the other hand, the employers have to face an atmosphere of resentment because they make the deductions—risking heavy fines if they fail to do so—and, in addition, have to make equivalent contributions to the insurance funds, the benefits of which, to them, are exceedingly speculative. If that were the full extent of the call on the employers, things might go forward fairly smoothly, but the worst complications arise from the obvious attempt to fasten on the employers the workers' contributions as well. In some instances there is a blunt refusal to fulfil the necessary formalities on the part of the workers; in others, the attempt takes the form of a demand for an increase of

wages to compensate for the deductions. In virtually all cases there is an obvious intention to pass on entirely to the employers what was nominally supposed to be shared.

The Hand Behind.—This is the point at which the hand of the General Confederation of Labour appears. So far as it is possible to see from records of speeches and declarations, the General Confederation of Labour is the only body that has shown any liking at all, either preliminary or subsequent, for the Social Assurance measure. It does not seem to have extended much consultation to the workers which it supposedly represents, or the workers would not show so much antagonism to the scheme. The Confederation has a way of dictating to the workers as it would like to dictate to the nation when the moment is thought propitious. Anyhow, the Confederation has virtually admitted that it seeks to use the Social Assurance Law to force a general increase of wages throughout the country, which means the possible creation of widespread unrest.

New Class-War Method.—In Paris this is regarded as a new form of class-war—the engineering of an ostensibly beneficial and innocuous piece of legislation, which is first made unworkable and then utilized for fomenting discontent, strikes and perhaps even more serious forms of internecine conflict. If this is the plan, it has been most skilfully executed up to now, for the Conservative majority in the Chamber of Deputies has shown no suspicion that it was being "manœuvred" in this fashion. And in the choice of the first "assault"—the strike in the textile region of Roubaix-Tourcoing—tactical skill has been shown, as the operatives had reached the bare living-wage point on account of the heavy increase in the price of foodstuffs. What the next development will be is not yet evident, but the situation will want very careful handling by the Government if it is to be smoothed out. And, as early as possible, the Social Assurance Law will want vigorous remodelling.

Anti-Germanism.—Apart from the labour conflict, French politicians have had little with which to concern themselves in their absence from the Chamber, and the

only item of interest is the comforting information that the Government is strenuously trying to curtail expenditure as much as possible. When the Cabinet met towards the middle of August in the pleasant shades of Rambouillet, it was swiftly decided to send back to the Departments concerned the Estimates which had been submitted, with a firm instruction that they should be very severely cut. M. Tardieu, the very business-like Premier, holds the view that the limit of taxation has been reached, and he intends that the spending Departments shall only spend within the capacity of the purse. But while there was tranquillity in Palais Bourbon affairs, diplomatic correspondents were busy stirring up one of those recurrent anti-German outbursts which periodically cloud relations without serving any useful purpose.

German Longings.—The occasion was an electioneering speech by Herr Treviranus, Minister of the formerly occupied areas, in which he said that Germany was dissatisfied with the eastern frontier laid down by the Treaty of Versailles and would like to see the treaty revised. If France could only ignore such speeches, the gain to her peace of mind would be immense, and other nations would feel that she was serenely confident in her own strength, moral as well as physical. Outsiders can see that it is perfectly natural for a defeated nation to deplore the burdens of defeat and to express a hope that they may be removed, without necessarily implying that *revanche* will be sought through another war. Yet certain French writers cannot see this, and Herr Treviranus' speech, had it been ignored by France, would have been forgotten the next day, even in Germany. The French method of exaggerating the importance of such allusions merely encourages similar hot-heads on the other side of the frontier, who are thus led to conclude that they can worry the French into a state of alarm.

Democracy Old and New*

By the Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P.

GENERATIONS of men succeed each other on the world's stage; no two are alike; no two countries are alike; their climates, industries, manners and customs differ; their political ideals change with their economic conditions. Nothing seems stable. But if you look closer, you detect permanent elements. Bygone ideals which have once proved powerful do not die. What is good in them continues to attract the hopes of men. An ideal which has once managed to embody itself in a noble human society and given birth to great men and great art sways our imaginations and lures us on and on in the attempt to recapture it.

When Sir John Simon broadcast his first address on "The Problem of India," he went back in his very first sentence to the Greeks of 2,200 years ago and in his second sentence to Aristotle. He told us that when we come to discuss changes in the Government of India, we ought to give heed to the warnings of the pupil of Plato and the tutor of Alexander. I could wish for no better illustration of the persistence of the power of the speculations of the classical world upon modern practice. No greater contrast could be imagined than the problem of governing a single city-state like Athens and the problem of governing the Indian Empire embracing a fifth of the population of the world. And yet, as we shall see, the two are directly related. It was once said that the discovery of America could be traced to the rediscovery of the Greek language.† It would not be beyond the powers of an undergraduate of average intelligence to show that many of the ideas which are agitating Indian reformers to-day are traceable to Athens via London and Oxford and Cambridge. You remember the famous saying of Sir Henry Maine: "Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin."‡ An exaggeration no doubt, but it is the simple truth that a ferment spreading from

* The John Clifford Lecture for 1930, delivered by Mr. Baldwin at the Brotherhood National Conference at Coventry. (*Published by kind permission.*)

† By John Addington Symonds. ‡ "Village Communities," p. 237.

ancient Greece has worked like yeast in the constitution of every Western state and forced into prominence political developments of the most disturbing character. Many of the problems which lie at the root of the Simon Report were canvassed daily in the market place of Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries before the birth of Christ. If Thucydides, the contemporary of Pericles, came to life again and were made Professor of History at Birmingham, he would soon be quite at home in expounding these problems and we should understand him. No one of us whose days are spent in Parliament can read the pages of Aristophanes without seeing one's self and one's colleagues drawn to the life.

It is interesting to speculate on the might-have-beens in history. Alexander the Great, one of the mightiest conquerors of all time, was the pupil of Aristotle, one of the mightiest thinkers of all time. Alexander succeeded to the throne of Macedon at the age of twenty and died in his thirty-third year. In thirteen years he shook the kingdoms of this world to their foundations, brought down tyrants from their thrones, and set up popular governments in their stead. Palestine, Egypt, the Levant, Persia, India—all trembled at the coming of this all-conquering youth. Alexander penetrated into the Punjab to the valley of the Indus. But a mutiny of his troops prevented him from pushing further his conquest of India. India thus escaped the dominion of Greek ideals of civilization and government. Asiatic traditions prevailed and once again in our own time after the lapse of twenty centuries we are discussing the application to India of Greek ideas of majorities and minorities, of checks and balances, of aristocracy and democracy, of local freedom and federal union.

Of course in the interval these ideas have not only been illustrated by experience but they have been developed and applied on a scale and in ways which it never entered the minds of the Greeks to conceive. Imperialism was not natural to the Greeks as it was to their successors. Their great thinkers were not dreaming of vast empires but of town-communities as the ideal form of political society. They were strangers also to the material comforts which we identify with civilization. Euripides has been compared to Bernard

Shaw, but Euripides lived on the island of Salamis in a cave. We must think of the Greeks as telling the time without watches, crossing rivers without bridges, sailing the seas without compasses, reciting poetry without books, and discussing politics without newspapers. And we must think of them as few in number. London would be a monstrous city to Aristotle, as Babylon was. Aristotle criticized a state which had 5,000 fighting men as too large. Democratic government meant assembling all the voters in the market place, making the laws in public meeting, and choosing the officers there and then to carry them out.

But the very smallness of the Greek city-state in theory and in practice has provided mankind with a demonstration of the essential nature of community life which is apt to be lost to view in the vast aggregations of the modern state. The Greek thinkers, like the authors of the Shorter Catechism, were always bringing their pupils back to first principles: What was all government for? What was the true end of all the labours of statesmen? They agreed that it was the attainment by the citizens of the highest possible degree of human virtue and well-being. They then asked themselves what form of Government would best achieve this end. And it is because in the little cities of ancient Greece the most satisfactory answers which the world has known were given to these big questions, that none of us can ever keep those experiments for long out of our minds, and for that reason when Sir John Simon stands before the microphone, he cannot escape from Aristotle, nor can I.

What was it that Athenian democracy did so supremely well that its spell is still upon us? I take Dr. Glover's summary because he has put it all, or nearly all, into a short paragraph:

> The Athenian Democracy was a government of citizens met in an assembly, where, without Presidents, Ministers, Ambassadors or representatives, they themselves governed. They created a beautiful city and a law-abiding people; they united the Greek world or large part of it; they defeated the Persian Empire in all its greatness and drove the Persians from the sea. They made an atmosphere where genius could grow, where it could be as happy as genius ever can, and where it flowered and bore the strange fruit that has enriched the world for ever. "Whate'er we know of beauty, half is hers." The political temper, and the scientific—philosophy, sculpture and poetry—Athens

gave us them all in that period, a century or so at longest, while Democracy flourished.*

The struggle that went on between oligarchy and democracy through this brief and brilliant period is the most fascinating page in the world's political story and the way in which it proceeded to right wing democracy, to left wing democracy, to twenty-seven years of savage war, to degeneracy promoted by sophistry and rhetoric, to disunion and disbelief in the old virtues and the old energies—post-war symptoms with which we are so familiar—all this is most relevant to our life to-day, is as modern as the morning's newspaper, and its study vastly more important for ourselves.

For Greek democracy failed, and the reasons for its failure are full of instruction. The great ruling ideas which the Greeks gave to the world, ideas which England later was to absorb and spread over a quarter of the globe, freedom and self-government, social equality and civic patriotism—these were corrupted by demagogues and flatterers of the people. It was so fatally easy to think that freedom meant doing what you like, that one man was not only as good as another but equally able to fill any office whatsoever, that majorities could do no wrong, that you could make Utopian laws for your own country without regard to what other nations or other empires were doing. And thus it came about that "Greeks talked incessantly of equality and butchered one another like French revolutionists to get it, of freedom, and lived on the labour of slaves and allies."† Freedom of speech was stifled, and public men who refused to advocate pleasures for the multitude were banished. Politicians rivalled one another in bribing the electorate. There was an unemployed problem and a policy of public works, payment for jurymen, free seats at the theatres. Those who had triumphed over tyrants in turn became despotic; those who had been oppressed became in turn oppressors; those who had denounced luxury and idleness in individuals, succumbed to the temptations of riches when shared out by the State. And by and by Plutarch records that the Athenians from being sober, thrifty and self-supporting people changed into "lovers of expense, intemperance and licence."

* "Democracy in the Ancient World," p. 73. † Glover, *ibid.*

I have indicated one of the main sources of the origin of the ideas which colour our political thinking. But there is another main and more recent source and it is natural to dwell upon it in a lecture associated with the memory of John Clifford. If you take up a small book published the other day on the "Essentials of Democracy" by the present Master of Balliol, you find he goes back not to Plato and Aristotle but to Cromwell and the Baptists and Independents of the seventeenth century, to the self-governing congregations of the religious bodies, whose example of democratic government it was sought to extend to the whole state. Mr. Lindsay quotes an account of a memorable debate on the principles of democratic government held between the representatives of the army on the one hand, and Cromwell and Ireton on the other. The debate was held at the grand council of officers at Putney in 1647. It was taken down in shorthand by the secretary to the council of the army. The case for the army was put by a Colonel Rainboro, and Mr. Lindsay quotes a passage from the Colonel's speech: "Really," says Colonel Rainboro, "I think the poorest he that is in England hath a life to live as the richest he." On this the Master of Balliol comments most admirably:

> That seems to me the authentic note of democracy. The poorest has his own life *to live*, not to be managed or drilled or used by other people. His life is his and he has to live it. None can divest him of that responsibility. However different men may be in wealth or ability or learning, whether clever or stupid, good or bad, living their life is their concern and their responsibility. . . . That is not a scientific nor a common-sense doctrine. It is a religious and moral principle. It is the translation into non-theological language of the spiritual priesthood of all believers. Men who could say things like that have gone deep into the heart of things.*

This is language not unfamiliar to a Brotherhood audience and you will recognize in these Puritans the spiritual ancestors of John Clifford. Not once or twice in the course of public controversy was Dr. Clifford described as the greatest Protestant since Cromwell. His political life was rooted in his religious life; his championship of political freedom sprang from religious principle. He was the sworn foe of privilege and monopoly, especially clerical privilege and monopoly in the

* "The Essentials of Democracy," p. 13.

means of grace. But if he insisted on liberty and equality, he did not forget the third member of the trinity—fraternity. His great work for the Brotherhood Movement proved his belief that freedom which does not express itself in association is barren. Men achieve freedom in order that they may co-operate.

In the Protestant doctrine of the infinite value of the individual soul, on the one hand, and in the assembling together of the brethren in the Church congregation, on the other, you have the seed-bed of modern democracy. And many of the early reformers thought that all that was required in order to bring heaven down to earth was either to make the Church the State or to apply to politics the method of government adopted by the Baptists and Independents. In the congregations of the independent self-governing churches of the Puritans you had democracy in action on an infinitesimal scale. In the Greek city-state you had it demonstrated on a somewhat larger, a municipal, scale, in cities with populations comparable with one of our midland towns, Coventry or Leicester, for example.

Our colossal task is to take over these principles of personal participation in government, of co-operative discussion, of active consent, which were effective in these tiny groups of citizens and believers, and apply them to the immense populations of modern states and empires. The scale of operations is vastly different.

There is not only this difference in size. There is also a difference in structure, with which you are familiar, between Greek, Cromwellian and modern democracies. It was characteristic of all forms of ancient societies, tyrannies and democracies alike, that they were founded on slave labour. In the ideal states of Plato and Aristotle the husbandmen, artisans and retail traders were excluded from citizenship. Similarly, the Reformation churches, while run on democratic lines, restricted their membership to the saints only. We, on the other hand, have enfranchised the whole adult and labouring population of these islands, saints and sinners alike, and are attempting the immense double enterprise not only of making each citizen count as one and an end in himself, but also of asking him to share effectively and intelligently in the responsibilities of municipal citizenship and imperial

government. These are ideals which as yet have never been fully realized, neither in ancient nor in modern times, neither in England nor in the United States. Democracy is still an aspiration and not a fact. It is still " an untravelled world, whose margin fades for ever and for ever as we move." What we have achieved is a democratic framework of government, which is not the same thing as a democratic society. We have perfected the machinery of popular government and one immediate danger is that it may be seized and exploited in undemocratic ways for democratic ends. In the name of the sovereign people deeds may be done as cruel as those done by any Greek tyrant or mediæval despot. It is terribly easy for those in power to confuse justice with the interest of the strong, but oppression of the few by the many is just as ugly as its opposite.

I turn now to look more closely at some of the political tendencies of our own day, and, I need hardly say, I do so in this place not as a leader of a party, but as a spectator who stands back for an hour to gaze with you upon the arena where the battle is being fought.

To-day the future of popular government is said by its friends and its enemies to be in doubt. It has lost ground in so many countries recently that once more we are told that there is no escape from the circular movement of tyranny, oligarchy, democracy and back to tyranny again. Democracy makes, it is argued, too great a demand upon the intelligence, the energy and the honesty of average mortals. The people, it is said, do not see where their true interest lies. It must be pointed out to them and they must be shepherded to it. If you feed the people and amuse them, they will be content. What is best for them is that they should be regimented after the fashion of the fighting services. Otherwise your national affairs will fall into disorder and your foreign policy be shipwrecked.

Impatience with things as they are is wide-spread, but it is only in democratic countries that the voice of criticism is high and lifted up. In non-democratic countries it is suppressed and silenced and we are expected to assume that all are perfectly happy and contented because there is no criticism and all the newspapers say the same thing. Impatience, where it is vocal, springs

from two sources. There are those on the right who demand first and foremost efficiency. They put it above liberty. They contrast the slow and cumbrous methods of Parliamentary Government with the swift and successful methods of big business. They sigh for the dictatorship of the strong man. They want Cæsarism, not democracy. There are others, on the left, whose complaint is that we have not too much but too little democracy. Despite all our electoral machinery the people, they say, are impotent, their opinions are ignored, their demands flouted. They ask that not only the captain but the whole crew should navigate the ship. They want the People, with a capital P, enthroned in power, and they think the path lies through the dictatorship of the proletariat to the paradise of Communism.

These two currents of discontent have swollen to such volume as to overwhelm democracy in some European countries. Here in England also there is a current of discontent running but it is not yet very strong and, though it is growing, I do not think it is likely to boil up and submerge the parliamentary institutions with which we are familiar. The position is being watched by our neighbours with much interest. Our political capacity for avoiding upheavals, our gift for " animated moderation " (in Bagehot's phrase) has long been envied by our Continental neighbours. They will find once again, I venture to prophesy, that we shall get together and modify presently our institutions to suit the new conditions. We are not good at planning ahead, but we have a gift for improvising and compromising.

Disappointment with the working of representative government is no new thing in our midst. It recurs periodically and we are in one of the fermenting periods now. It may be uncomfortable but it is not surprising. The country in the last twenty years has been plunged into tremendous experiences. Our social ideals and our administrative methods have been challenged as never before. There is bound to be unrest when more questions are being put than statesmen can answer. I think we shall find answers to them in England as soon if not sooner and as good if not better than in any other country.

Within the House of Commons itself there is a

growing sense of the need of overhauling the ship of State. Mr. Lloyd George recently compared it to one of the old windjammers. Mr. Churchill is impressed with the contrast between political problems and economic problems, and with the need for handling them by different techniques. Party Government, he suggests, is not a suitable apparatus for solving our industrial difficulties. He would like to see a new deliberative body, an economic sub-Parliament, debating day after day with fearless detachment from public opinion all the most disputed questions of finance and trade without caring a halfpenny who won the General Election. This proposal has a striking resemblance to that put forward a few years ago by our young Guild Socialist friends, and I had rather gathered from their maturer reflections and recent publications that they had put aside this device of their undergraduate days. Mr. Churchill has still the advantage of a bold and youthful mind and he will doubtless work out more fully the relations of the two Parliaments in his "functional democracy" and tell us why he thinks one of them is more likely to reach unanimity than the other and which is to be dominant. It is, I think, hardly correct to say that there exists at the present time no constitutional machinery for dealing with economic problems on their merits with competent examination and without political bias. Is not this precisely what is taking place, for example, on the Macmillan Committee on Finance and Banking; is this not the function of the Economic Advisory Council which is not subject to vote-catching or the pressure of publicity; and is it not sometimes practised in the form of Royal Commissions which often enjoy high expert authority? Then in addition to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill we have Lady Passfield, better known perhaps as Mrs. Sidney Webb, who is also dissatisfied with the working of the Central Parliament. She is also seeking, I understand, to create a companion Parliament, not like Mr. Churchill's for economic questions but for domestic or non-foreign and non-imperial questions, possibly on the lines of Home Rule Parliaments for England, for Wales and for Scotland, three children of the Mother of Parliaments, who will, I suppose, keep the national purse and give the children an annual allowance.

Now I agree that these comments on our Parliamentary procedure and the constructive proposals for its improvement are important and of some urgency. We have witnessed remarkable growths and changes in the industrial structure of the country in the last hundred years; these changes have proceeded far more rapidly than have the changes in the machinery of government and the lag, as it is called, does undoubtedly account for not a little of the disappointment with democracy which prevails. But there is much more to it than that. There is not only the fact that economic issues have elbowed out the old political issues; there is not only the emergence of a Party with its primary emphasis on the removal of poverty, but there is among the idealists of all parties a sense of futility and this, if you look deeply into it, is not born of the failure of machinery but of the failure of faith. The young seeking the Unknown Country of their dreams find that the old have given up the search for it. The young write the election manifestos and discover that the Cabinet Ministers have either never read or have entirely forgotten them. Experience is a violent, a shattering school. Leaders in office are loaded with responsibility and supported by knowledge. They acquire insight with experience. That discipline is denied the young while they remain young. Agitation unites men, action divides them. We shall find that in India as events develop. Ideals have great harmonizing power, but when the machinery of government gets to work upon them and begins to fit them to the facts, it has a sadly disintegrating power. The machinery of democracy has been tried up to a point. The people have tasted power, but we are only learning. Of the making of new laws there is no end. There is a saying as old as the Greeks that it is more important to form good habits than to frame good laws. There is an undercurrent of suspicion that this is true and that, like patriotism, legislation is not enough. The hopes held out when laws are framed are not always realized when laws are passed. No session of Parliament has ever been dedicated to the sole task of examining the results of its previous activities. What happens to all the laws placed on the statute book? If half the hopes of their promoters had been realized, would not the millennium have arrived ere this? There is no constitu-

tional machinery for that sort of *post-hoc* valuation. It is not the function of any Department or Minister to examine how far the laws have fulfilled the promises of their sponsors.

The early abstract economists for the sake of clarifying their argument invented an "economic man"—a being stripped of all human attributes except those self-regarding interests directly connected with buying and selling goods or services. One of the sources of our modern disappointment with Parliament among thoughtful observers is due to the fact that laws deal, and can only deal directly, with a fraction of a man, but, in so doing, indirectly they affect the whole personality for better or for worse. The law deals with you as a tenant, a taxpayer, a pedestrian, one of the unemployed and so forth, with a score of sectional aspects of your being, but again, to use Mr. Churchill's phrase, there is no constitutional machinery which records and reports the results of all these assaults on human personality. And it is precisely the quality of that personality which matters supremely for the ultimate fate of the country. There is no national well-being which is not the well-being of definite individuals, of John Smith, in fact. All parties are deeply committed to intervention in the lives of the people. The goal of some is to convert the State into a universal Providence. Character is built up by innumerable acts of choice. If all or most of the crucial choices in life are made for you by the State, what then becomes of the democratic ideal of the Master of Balliol—the management of and responsibility for one's own life, whether we be clever or stupid, good or bad? To Aristotle, ethics was a branch of politics; to the Christian, politics is a branch of ethics. Which means that the ultimate test of law-making is its effect on John Smith's character. No Cabinet summoned to extend unemployment benefit or to borrow another ten millions to pay into a bankrupt fund receives from any Ministerial Department a memorandum on the effect of this on John Smith's personality. There is no machinery devised to measure that. I suspect that it never appears on the agenda of the Economic Advisory Council and I am sure it does not appear in the terms of reference

of Royal Commissions. Like the old economists, we are assuming some imaginary "economic man," who does not exist except in textbooks and memoranda, the automatic recipient of so many shillings a week while out of employment. This, it may be urged, is the modern democratic method of acknowledging the brotherhood of man, our membership one of another. All parties are alike implicated in the measures of relief now in force. All are agreed that destitution ought not to be tolerated. But are we all quite happy that in giving John Smith State benefits in this wholesale way we are not at the same time taking away from John Smith something which will make him poor indeed? These are old-fashioned questions and at the moment unpopular, but they are destined to come to the front again in the next ten years, and, in a Brotherhood gathering, I make no apology for referring to them. These questions are far more important to the working classes than to the richer classes. The condemnation of the old methods of casual and unorganized methods of charitable relief was that they tended to create and perpetuate a pauper class. The destitution of large numbers forced upon the country an organization of relief on a corresponding scale and some of the worst features of the old method were got rid of. But have we ceased to create and perpetuate a pauper class—for that was the evil to be destroyed? I am assured by those whose work lies closely amongst our urban and industrial populations that there is need to examine the effects of the provision of social services by the State in the last twenty-five years. Are the results we all intended being in fact achieved? We have witnessed a vast development of protective services like insurance, and constructive services like education. I am told that there is at least reason to question :

(*a*) whether the expansion of protective services along the lines at present being followed is "freeing men for activity" or is encouraging inertia :

(*b*) whether the constructive services are being developed along the lines which encourage, to the full, variety, initiative and self-exertion :

(*c*) whether the sense of corporate responsibility without which the good life can hardly be won for any community is being fostered by the expansion of public social services along the lines at present being followed.

The redistribution of wealth from the richer to the poorer elements in the country by the machinery of the State has, within limits, obvious advantages. But when certain limits are passed and the drawbacks become apparent, then will come the testing time for politicians and for voters, for democracy in short. No party has a monopoly of honesty or of wisdom and no party is endowed with an excess of courage and candour. Will the leaders who have competed with one another in bestowing boons upon the electorate compete equally in telling the electors that what is really needed is something quite other than what they are receiving? A distinguished American journalist has defined the politician as a man who seeks to attain the special objects of particular interests and who is not averse to methods of deception. Under this term he includes—the catalogue is worth repeating—the whole art of propaganda, whether it consists of half-truths, lies, ambiguities, slogans, catchwords, showmanship, bathos, hokum, and bun-combe.* The statesman, on the other hand, penetrates from the naïve self-interest of each group to its permanent and real interest. He expresses not the desires of the moment but the conditions under which desires can actually be adjusted to reality. The test of democracy lies in its choice of these policies and these leaders in whatever party they appear.

It was natural that men should turn to the State for relief from vast economic distresses, and there is much the State has done to mitigate misfortune. But I prophesy that with experience of its administration we shall have a reaction from bureaucracy and I foresee the State in the years to come itself making larger and larger demands upon voluntary associations to execute its will. Democracy will take on new forms. The tendency of the last few years to frown upon voluntary effort will be reversed. The rich and various life of spontaneous groupings will be recognized not as a weakness but as a strength to the State. It will give that direct expression to human personality which is freedom, that opportunity for diversity which is the only tolerable form of equality, and that association of all the elements in the State which is fraternity, that is to say, Brotherhood.

* Walter Lippman, "A Preface to Morals," p. 281.

The Fruits of Heresy

By a Member of Parliament

THERE is hardly an evil from which our body politic is suffering to-day which cannot be traced to the conscious or unconscious adoption of a heresy by vast numbers of people. This heresy is the denial of the fact of the fall of man and the need of human nature for redemption by some power outside itself. The attempt of humanity to raise itself by its own bootstraps has failed. The ditch is already gaping for blind democracy and its blind leaders, and a great darkness broods over our civilization, which has taken for light the unillumined blackness of its own imaginings.

Two philosophies of life confront each other to-day, and are fast coming to death grips. The one teaches that man is simply the creature of his environment. That all the evils that flesh is heir to are the result of the social systems, the laws and institutions under which he lives. Alter these and man will attain that blessedness which is his by right and nature.

This philosophy is frankly materialistic and demands the extinction of all belief in God. It is either true, or else it is the supreme error of which the human mind is capable. It has its remorseless exponents in those who control the present regime in Russia, and who are seeking from that vantage-ground to organize a world revolution.

The other philosophy is based upon the fact of the fall of man, however that fact may be explained. It does not deny the influence of environment, but does deny that humanity can, if left to itself, attain to anything but corruption, and that only some power outside itself which is called God can raise it to the blessedness for which it was created.

According as a man holds one or other of these philosophies, whether explicitly or implicitly, so will be his attitude to most of the social and political questions of the day.

Beginning with the home and education, there is a definite system of bringing up children which calls all discipline suppression and advocates the indulgence of every whim on the ground that the child must be allowed self-expression. In America this cult is very prevalent, and the deplorable results are often to be seen and suffered on the decks and lounges of Atlantic liners or the public rooms of hotels. The attitude of the Socialist Party in the House of Commons, with few exceptions, towards the infliction of corporal punishment upon the young is another illustration of the same tendency. And why, if there is no morality with a Divine sanction behind it, should parents try to impose any code upon those for whom they are responsible? In doing so they may be blighting the budding genius of a new prophet who will preach a better morality than they know, and a happier social order based upon it. Because of the experience of their elders, which has blunted their love for new experiments, the young are more likely to be right. Parents ought to be interested spectators of the prodigal's progress, for a preference for the company of swine is merely a question of taste.

In art and literature we see the same philosophy at work. What the author, the poet or the artist expresses is of no consequence. The evil, the ugly and the perverted are as legitimate subjects for the pen or brush as the good, the beautiful and the true. Not to recognize this is to write oneself down a Philistine.

But it is in the political sphere that we can most clearly discern these tendencies at work. A pathetic belief that social legislation directed to the improvement of the environment of the working classes can by itself remedy the evils from which humanity suffers has been widely prevalent, though signs are not wanting that the inevitable disillusionment has begun. The Churches have been much to blame in this matter. Protestantism, which has been largely infected by the heresy alluded to at the beginning of this article, has allowed religion to be regarded as the handmaid of social reform instead of supporting social reform as the handmaid of religion. Religious leaders, having identified themselves with a popular illusion, are now suffering the penalty in an

increasing neglect of their ministrations by the masses of the people. The virtues of independence, thrift and hard work are fast disappearing, and the social system, not the individual, bears the blame of poverty, crime and failure. The natural corollary is a demand that society must act as universal almoner through an all-pervading Government bureaucracy, which bids fair, by its extortionate demands on the pockets of a small class, to bring the whole economic structure of the country to disaster.

It is, however, in the external relations of the State, which are the most important because fraught with the greatest danger, that the contrast between these two philosophies becomes most apparent. Instead of war being regarded as the inevitable result of the "unruly wills and affections of sinful men," the symptom of a deep-rooted disease, it is to be abolished by the signing of innumerable paper pacts which will go up in flames at the first enkindling of real human passions. Relying upon these flimsy safeguards, our civilization is to throw away its armaments and leave itself and its vast responsibilities dependent upon the goodwill of a greedy and envious world.

We are to believe that in a few short years the age-long fight between good and evil, the higher and the lower, both in the individual and the race, has ended, not because the good has triumphed, but because we have deluded ourselves that the conflict no longer exists.

"A wonderful and horrible thing is come to pass in the land: the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means: and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

Industrial Germany: Hours and Wages

By E. T. Good

THERE are points about wages and working hours in Germany which seldom, if ever, seem to get into the reports we see about the industrial conditions of that country. We are invariably told that working hours or shifts are longer and wages lower in Germany than in Britain, and it is inferred that the standard of living is not so good in that country as with us; but all the facts are not revealed or understood. I have been to Germany to see how the people work, how they are paid, and how they live. I have been in the right quarters. I have interviewed the right persons. I have investigated as an old workman and trade unionist. I have dipped beneath the official reports, records, and figures usually presented to us.

To begin with, how many readers of British newspapers or reports know that 600 hours a year overtime are permitted, and often worked, in Germany? How many are aware that Germans, in reckoning their eight-hour day, in those cases where it is supposed to be the rule, calculate not eight hours' attendance at work, as we do, but eight hours' "effective work," which is very different? How many in this country have yet heard or read that German workers, whatever their normal or nominal working hours are, are permitted by law to, and do, in fact, make up lost time, whether it is lost by sickness, machinery breakdowns, delays in delivery of raw materials, or other causes? Yet such are the facts. In our country we have less than an eight-hour day in some industries, and in few, if any, have we an "effective" eight-hour working day. On the other hand, Germany has nothing like an eight-hour day as we understand it, and Germans regularly work overtime

which would not be tolerated by any trade union in Britain. Moreover, German workmen's wages are not only largely supplemented by overtime pay, but also substantially by the earnings of their children.

There is no law in Germany restricting in the slightest degree the employment of children in any occupation that can be termed, by any stretch of words, agricultural or domestic, and millions of children of school age put in many hours a week working for wages. German teachers have reported that some children work 48 hours a week out of school time. Most German children finish school at one o'clock, and after that they are free to earn money, so long as they do not work in mines, factories or workshops. An unofficial census taken by German teachers recently—by no means a complete or comprehensive census—showed more than 1,500,000 children of school age working in agricultural and domestic service many hours a week. Such facts as these are practically unknown to British people, who rely upon the ordinary newspapers and various official and unofficial reports. Germans work many hours a week more than our people are given to understand. Child labour is far more prevalent than is generally known outside Germany. The aggregate earnings of German families are much higher than is supposed, for the women and children work more, and earn far more, than ours do. Keeping these points in mind, we may proceed to consider the ordinary reports we get in true focus. Within the last few weeks we have had a report about hours and wages in the German iron and steel industry by our Economic Advisory Council, and our Ministry of Labour *Gazette* has quoted official details about the same industry, and others, in its April, May and July issues. Taking these at their face value first, what do we find? The Economic Advisory Council report says that the average earnings in the iron and steel industry are 60s. 1d. a week in Great Britain and only 50s. 11d. in Germany. It also states that, whilst Continental workers put in 48 hours a week, our datal men work only 46·7 hours, and our shift men only 41·8 hours a week. That is only part of the story, as may be gathered from the foregoing remarks.

The *Wirtschaft und Statistik,* the official journal of

the German Federal Statistical Office, in its No. 4 Report, 1930 (quoted by our Labour *Gazette* for May), tells us that only 17·1 per cent. of the workers in the German iron and steel industry put in less than 48 hours per week; that only 2·9 per cent. have a 48-hour week; and that 80 per cent. work longer than that.

The real truth is that very few German workers, except those on "continuous process" jobs, have anything like an eight-hour day, as we understand it, and the "continuous process" men work, of course, seven days or shifts a week. They are the men at blast-furnaces, coke ovens, gas plants, by-product plants, etc., where work is maintained night and day, and all the week, without interruption. On other work the nine-hour day is common, and the ten-hour day is not unknown in single day-shift industries or occupations, besides which the German law permits up to 12 hours a week overtime in cases of emergency, and the word "emergency" is easily stretchable in Germany. Any overtime may be worked to "avoid the spoiling of materials or finished products." When, on a recent occasion, the German trade union leaders asked for a new law to restrict overtime, the employers were able to bring forward evidence that the workmen not only welcomed overtime, but frequently asked for it; and when the miners' leaders asked for a 7½-hour day in the coal industry, the Minister for Labour or Economic Affairs (I forget which, but it matters not) emphatically replied that it was no time to weaken the competitive powers of German industry. There is a move now to reduce the permitted overtime from 600 to 300 hours a year, but it appears to stand little chance of success. The shipbuilding workers secured an arbitration award recently, reducing their nominal working week from 50 to 49 hours, but this only means that overtime rates will be payable after 49 instead of after 50 hours' work per week.

The German official report mentioned above admits that the normal weekly working hours—actually the number of hours after which overtime rates are payable—range from 48 to 52 in the iron, steel, engineering, and shipbuilding trades; that they are 51 on the railways,

and 54 for surface men in the mining industry. But that is not the full story. Take the railway service, for instance. For various grades of railwaymen in Germany, from 50 to as much as 80 per cent. of the time occupied in travelling to and from actual duty is not allowed for in reckoning wages. As nearly as possible, the Germans get down to pay only for actual work, and nearly all travelling and waiting time is excluded from the reckon- as near as possible, secured. Overtime is worked to suit ing. The full " effective working week " is aimed at, and, the traffic.

Lost time is another matter treated in Germany on lines not understood in England. It is not only that the German workers, in most cases, have their pay stopped during waiting periods, but, as above mentioned, time lost through sickness or other cause may be made good, and usually is made good subsequently by the men, subject to the consent of the works' council or upon application to the Ministry of Labour, and the disposition to work in Germany being very pronounced, such consent is usually given. The spirit of German law, like that of the German individual worker, is widely different from that which prevails in modern England, where play, sport, leisure and luxury are the predominating attractions or ideas.

The latest returns given by the *Wirtschaft und Statistik* of hours and earnings in the German heavy iron and steel industry are those for the month of October 1928, and they cover only 35 selected firms, employing 55,341 workers over 21 years of age. But they are interesting. They show that the actual hours a week worked by the men—that is to say, including overtime on the one hand, and excluding lost time on the other—ranged from 48¼ to 57¾. But of the 55,341 men covered by the report, only 1,001 worked so little as 48¼ hours a week. Not one had 48 hours or less. More than 98 per cent. worked 48½ hours or more, and a great majority worked over 50 hours, many over 54 hours, and nearly 14 per cent. between 56¼ and 57¾ hours a week. These, be it noted, are the official figures for a selected minority of works, and we may take it for granted that all emergency overtime cases are not included even for the

selected works, and that in those not selected the working hours were longer.

When I was in Germany, I saw many men working overtime after 9 at night—men who had started at 7 in the morning—and I saw many workers going into factories and offices on Sunday morning. No one I interviewed ventured to say that anything like the normal working hours were strictly observed. I saw in Berlin several hundreds of men who had been working at their ordinary occupations all night, turn out in the morning to work at snow shovelling in the streets in order to earn an extra mark or two. They did not regard such work as beneath their dignity. I saw women of nearly all ages —wives and mothers—clearing stations, goods' yards, factory grounds, etc., of snow shortly after 6 in the morning. In Cologne I saw masons, bricklayers, plasterers, joiners, painters, and plumbers working by electric light at nearly 10 p.m. in winter. They had been working from 7 in the morning. Not only so, but they achieved a speed which British trade unionism would not allow. When I saw the way those men worked, and learned the number of hours they put in a week (several hours' overtime on alternate nights), I did not wonder at the vast number of new houses, factories, and other buildings I had seen from the train during the afternoon. By the way, a German "fraternal delegate" to a British Trade Union Congress a few years ago supplied the information that German bricklayers were doing four times as much work in a day as our men.

The *Wirtschaft und Statistik*, No. 8 for 1930, gives "average weekly hours of work" in the German printing industry as ranging from 46·1 in the case of machine compositors on piece work to 49·8 in case of rotary machine minders on time work.

Turning to wages and their purchasing power, we have points official and non-official, alike interesting. As already mentioned, our Economic Advisory Council report gives 50s. 11d. as the average weekly earnings of German iron and steel workers. But what is an average? The figure is given as representing total earnings, inclusive of family allowances and all other cash allowances. The average for the three divisions of labour are given

as 68s. 6d. for skilled, 52s. 10d. for semi-skilled, and 47s. for unskilled workers of all classes—presumably of adults and juveniles, males and females—for the months of January-February 1930. Comments are permissible here. First, the German iron and steel industry was very depressed in the months named, as compared with the high level of production attained in the early months of 1929, so that earnings would correspondingly suffer, and the figures given cannot be a true measure of last year's earnings. Secondly, the average needs to be explained. It is given as 9s. 2d. under the British average. But this does not mean that the average British worker is 9s. 2d. a week better off than the average German worker. Far from it. In our country, the disparity between the wages of selected grades of skilled and the unskilled workers is wide, glaring and scandalous. Whilst many of our men have barely £2 a week, others get £8, £10, and even £12 a week. The inflated wages of these highly favoured British steel workers make the average look high. In Germany they do not pay the highly skilled men half so much as we do. In fact, the highest paid steel smelter in Germany does not get one-third so much as our highest paid men. Trade unionism compelling our employers to pay such extravagant wages to a favoured few, there is correspondingly less money for the unfavoured majority. The net result is that, whereas the highly skilled in Germany get much less than in Britain, the ordinary workers receive just about as much, if not a little more, in Germany than in our country. German wages are much more nearly equal, or level, than British wages, as between skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled men. Then, with so many wives and children earning money, it is clear that the total, or average, family incomes are at least as high in Germany, if not higher than in our country. Then, again, several kinds of food are both fresher and cheaper in Germany than in Britain. Nearly all the food there is home-grown. Moreover, luxuries such as beer and tobacco are not half so dear in that country as with us. Rates and taxes, per caput, are only half as high in Germany as in Britain, and this fact is reflected in the cheapness of many commodities the Germans consume.

Bearing those points in mind, we may now look at the following figures, abstracted from *Wirtschaft und Statistik* Report No. 4, of 1930:—

Average Hourly Basic Rates of Pay Beginning of 1930 of Adult Male Workers, Except Where Otherwise Specified.

	Reichs-pfennigs*
Mining:	
Skilled Hewers and Getters	123·9
Unskilled	78·0
Metals:	
Skilled	103·3
Unskilled	77·4
Chemicals:	
Skilled	107·9
Unskilled (Process Workers) ...	89·4
Building:	
Skilled (Bricklayers, Masons, and Carpenters)	140·9
Unskilled	106·4
Textiles:	
Spinners and Weavers: Males ...	78·8
„ „ Females ...	58·7
Assistants: Males	66·1
„ Females	46·6
Transport (Federated Railways):—	
Skilled	99·8
Unskilled	81·0

But, again, it is necessary to observe that these figures are not exact as measured by British standards. The hourly rates given are the weighted averages of the *minimum* rates fixed by awards or collective agreements. Nothing is said about premiums, bonuses, or other extras given by employers to workers of exceptional ability. Again, the pay rates used in making the calculations are the average *minimum time rates* (ignoring piece work and other extra earnings), " except that, in cases of skilled workers in industries which are mainly of a piece-work character (e.g. the mining, metal, and textile industries),

* There are 100 Reichs-pfennigs to the Mark, and the Mark equals 11'8 in English pence.

piece-work rates have been used, computed on an average output of work, or on time rates with a piece-work adjustment." On the other hand, in some cases family allowances averaged for wife and two children are included in the figures; in others not. The fact is that it is difficult, if not impossible, even for a special investigator, to get to know exactly what average wages or earnings are in German industry. But certain it is that they are higher in marks and pfennigs, and considerably higher in purchasing power, than most people outside Germany imagine. At the same time, it must be noted that the Germans are hard, plodding workers. I was told over and over again when in Germany that voluntary absenteeism, time-losing, and shirking were practically unknown. Employers I met spoke highly of their men, only a few Communists and other agitators causing annoyance.

Death Duties

By W. H. Harvey

CERTAIN points which affect the national welfare are worth attention when we consider the exaction of "death duties."

The term is comprehensive, and those taxes in the Statute Book which it includes are now seven in number —Estate Duty, Legacy Duty, Succession Duty, Settlement Estate Duty, Probate (or Inventory Duty), Account Duty and Temporary Estate Duty; but of this formidable list the last four are now not of great importance, as they are leviable only on deaths during certain specified periods — the last of which terminated on May 12, 1914. As may be surmised, some of these duties are quite ancient in origin; probate duty, for instance, dates from 1694; and, of course, since then various Chancellors of the Exchequer, in long succession, have played their part in making additions, amendments and cancellations.

Anyone who follows parliamentary proceedings knows that those who have incorporated death duties in their budget proposals have had to encounter a very considerable amount of protest. Taxes to be paid out of "incomings" are regarded as a matter of course and a more or less necessary evil, but death duties are a confiscation of capital and savings—a very different matter. When a citizen, throughout his life, has satisfied all the claims the State has required him to settle, there is, in many minds, something repellent to the sense of justice in the further demands made when he is dead and can no longer defend his property. To such minds it seems more fitting that death should stop further pursuit, and that the claims of the widow, children and other relatives should have, by clear natural right, their full satisfaction from an estate which during the lifetime of the owner has already paid to the State all its just demands.

When a wealthy man dies and the newspapers refer to the value of his estate and the amount at which it is assessed for death duties, there is at the back of the minds

of many who read these details an uncomfortable feeling that the State is acting badly and is guilty of injustice and greed. Moreover, some basis is found for this view in the fact that these duties, when first levied a couple of centuries or so ago, were on quite a modest scale, and that they have only gradually grown to their present swollen dimensions. It seems, indeed, as if the State at the start was not quite sure that it was treating its citizens fairly, but had become more callous and greedy as time went on.

The amounts deducted in this way have grown of late years to an alarming extent, and the severity of the tax is well illustrated by a recent example. The death of a millionaire in the brewing industry brought his estate, assessed at about £11,000,000, under these duties, and from statements which have been published since it appears that the estate duty, succession duty and legacy duty amounted approximately to one half of the whole estate. Such an example shows that, even if death duties may be, in principle, a mode of taxation of which some people approve, the State can push the system too far and make it "confiscation" instead of a reasonable levy.

Since the financial year 1913-14 (and including that year) the enormous sum of £861,000,000 has been extracted from the private fortunes of deceased citizens of this country by means of these duties. Moreover, it has to be remembered that even this colossal sum does not represent the total depredations made into private property, for in order to make the necessary payments in cash or its equivalent to the Exchequer, portions of these estates have had to be realized—which means that numberless investments in railways, shipping, house property, mines, landed estates and commercial concerns of all kinds have had to be sold. These forced realizations must frequently have meant further losses—to the detriment of the widows, orphans and others concerned. It would probably be within the mark to estimate these losses at 10 per cent., which increases the total just mentioned to £947,000,000. This vast sum represents the spoliation of seventeen financial years, from 1913-14 to 1929-30 inclusive.

It is, of course, impossible to estimate with any exactitude the amount of industrial dislocation and loss

of business resulting from the operation of death duties, but there is no doubt that they have done, and are doing, a vast amount of harm; it is not too much to assert that they have been one of the most potent factors in bringing about the present state of unemployment and depression. The weak points about this system of taxation are that it penalizes thrift by confiscating private capital and savings, that it strips the country of much-wanted funds and that the Government treats the proceeds as "current national income." So far as the receipts from these duties are concerned, the State is living on capital, which is a deplorable departure from sound finance, and one which—whether a Government or a private individual is responsible—is bound to lead to disaster. There might have been some excuse for persisting in this dangerous heresy had the proceeds from these confiscatory duties been set aside for some great public service—for instance, the reduction of the National Debt, as that would have given general relief—but to throw the results of this colossal spoliation into the common revenue and treat them as "annual income" is a suicidal procedure.

These duties press with special severity on the owners of large agricultural estates. Under the best of circumstances, properties of this class do not produce such substantial returns as some fortunate industrial concerns manage occasionally to make, and of late years agricultural interests have been notoriously depressed. As a result largely of the incidence of this taxation, the past quarter-century has seen a large portion of the countryside "pass under the hammer"; and anyone who remembers this country as it was 30 or 40 years ago can appreciate for himself how things have changed for the worse, and can realize the mischief done by the wholesale diminution of the private capital upon which the upkeep of land depends.

A large agricultural estate, with its homesteads, its streams, ponds and wells, may well be used allegorically to illustrate the evils of death duties: for what would such a property become, and into what plight would it fall, if the wells and springs dried up and the streams ceased to flow? The fortunes and savings of private

citizens are the wells and springs of national capital which supply the "streamlets" of "ready money" that commerce requires; and just as the drying-up of springs and water-courses on an estate reduces it to a barren wilderness, so does the extraction of private capital and the spending of it as "annual income" bring disaster on the various industries from which those vivifying supplies of private capital have been diverted.

As for insurance against death duties, the thrifty man with an eye to the future finds that it is not quite smooth sailing, for the amount assured is—according to present procedure—added to the assessable estate of the deceased person, and the duties are payable on the total aggregate. Moreover, as the estate duties are on a graduated scale, it is quite possible that the addition of the sum assured might raise the assessable value of the total estate to a level that incurs a higher rate of duty—thus annulling wholly or in part the protection aimed at by insurance.

The difficulties in the way of making provision against these duties by insurance and the severity of present-day taxation were shown very clearly in a recent statement made by Mr. Snowden in answer to a question in the House of Commons. This statement gave examples of typical cases, and showed how these particular citizens would be affected by income tax, surtax and death duties —with insurance. According to the figures given, a man with an income of £10,000 a year, derived half from investments and half from earnings, and wishing to insure his estate valued at £100,000, would pay under the present budget £2,076 as income tax, £1,381 as surtax and £812 as insurance, a total of £4,269—nearly a half of his income.

A man with an income of £50,000, deriving the whole of it from investments, and with an estate valuation of £1,000,000, would pay £11,132 in income tax, £14,506 in surtax and £25,349 in annual insurance premium to provide for estate duty—a total outgoing to £50,987. In other words, a rich citizen with an income of £50,000 a year is so severely taxed that, if he takes precautions to safeguard his estate for his heirs, his whole income goes in the endeavour and he is nearly £1,000 to the bad on

the year's operations. There can be no doubt that such excessive taxation is harmful to the national welfare. The money for industrial and commercial enterprises comes from the pockets of private citizens, and if these reservoirs are drained dry by excessive taxation when they are alive and by death duties when they are dead, there need be no surprise at the general industrial depression throughout the country.

It is, of course, hopeless to expect that this source of taxation can be entirely done away with at once. The times do not admit of so drastic a correction of a faulty and mischievous system. The hope, however, can be expressed that future Chancellors will aim at gradual reduction, and will meanwhile take steps to ensure that the vast sums taken by death duties from private capital will not be treated as "national income" and spent anyhow, but will be devoted to some special public purpose such as I have mentioned. In that way, even if one section of the community is stripped of its wealth, the nation as a whole will not be entirely a loser.

To transfer this capital to income, as various Governments have been doing, is a disastrous policy. The State has pursued this course for years, its budgets showing an exaggerated national income, due to the inclusion of what is really a draft drawn upon the nation's working capital. The results of this long continued procedure can be seen in the depressed condition of industries generally throughout the country.

The Canada of To-day and To-morrow

By J. C. Nelson

CANADA is popularly regarded as a land of "great open spaces," of scattered hamlets, pioneer settlements and great agricultural areas. But, almost unnoticed, Canada is changing from a great agricultural country to a great manufacturing country. The evolution of the Dominion of Canada parallels closely that which took place in the United States in the nineteenth century.

Already she stands on the threshold of an industrial expansion which promises to transform this formerly agricultural country into one of the most important producers of manufactured articles in the world. The pace of her industrial expansion may be gauged from the fact that since 1901 manufacturing has increased 700 per cent. In the same length of time agriculture has increased only 400 per cent.

The three Prairie Provinces, hitherto considered to be devoted entirely to agriculture, to-day boast 2,356 manufacturing plants, representing a capital investment of about fifty-four million pounds. The province of Manitoba, which has been since Confederation one of the most important agricultural areas of the whole Dominion, will probably become famous in the future for her mines rather than her farms.

It was the invention of the power-driven machine and the industrial revolution that followed in its wake which gave to Great Britain her industrial greatness. The United States, taking the results of the industrial revolution in her stride, has reached her present pinnacle of industrial strength through the perfecting of her factory methods and the principle of mass production. Canada, in her turn, is inheriting the industrial knowledge of both countries, and, possessed as she is of natural resources beyond the dreams of her earliest pioneers, she promises to become, before the present century is half run, an industrial nation of the first magnitude.

In the present age Power spells industrial greatness. Great Britain had her vast deposits of coal, and the United States coal and water power, on which to build industry. Canada, to a greater extent than perhaps either of these countries, is endowed by nature with water-power, which assures for her for all time a limitless and inexhaustible supply of cheap hydro-electric energy. Although she has developed to-day only 12 per cent. of her available water-power, her cheap electrical energy is already acting as a magnet that is attracting to Canada manufacturers of every country. Thirty years ago, the Dominion had developed this resource to the extent of only 150,000 h.p. By the end of 1929 she was developing 5,500,000 h.p. from her waterfalls. How important is this one industry to the internal economy of the nation may be understood from the fact that her present installation is capable of saving the country 33 million tons of coal in the course of a year. The capital investment represented in this single industry is two hundred and forty million pounds, and in the next few years a further two hundred million pounds will be required for the execution of plants already projected.

But Canada does not depend entirely on water for her power. She has vast deposits of coal in the Maritime Provinces, in Alberta and in British Columbia, and recent discoveries have unearthed further deposits in Northern Ontario. It is also interesting to note that the Prairie Provinces, particularly Alberta, which are the least richly endowed in water-power, have adequate coal reserves for a much greater development than is the case at present.

In a country whose future is so closely wrapped up in the exploitation of mineral deposits, the importance of cheap electrical energy cannot be over-emphasized. Scientific research has developed a new system for the treatment of ores by electrolytic means, which permits the development of deposits of relatively low-grade ores that previously lay idle because of the prohibitive cost of smelting. In Canada to-day there are many deposits which will be worked in the future because of this latest development of applied chemistry.

Such a system will be used in the now famous Sherritt Gordon and Flin Flon copper-zinc-gold deposits of Northern Manitoba. Last year an 82 miles long railway

from the Hudson Bay line to the Flin Flon field was completed with the express purpose of giving access to the markets of the world for the minerals of this area. Even before the Flin Flon line was completed, a second feeder line, running 42 miles north to the Sherrit Gordon property, had been undertaken. The Flin Flon deposits alone contain some eighteen million tons of copper-zinc-gold ore, and, for their treatment, a smelting plant is now being erected in what was formerly a wilderness at a cost of £3,000,000. When the new mill is in operation, it will be capable of treating 3,000 tons of ore a day, and by the end of 1931 there will have arisen in this area a town of some 5,000 people. By that time, from the single deposit, there will be flowing every year a continuous stream of thirty million pounds of copper, fifty million pounds of zinc and three hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold.

Coincident with the expansion in this area of Northern Manitoba is the establishment at Island Falls, on the Churchill River, some fifty miles to the north, of a gigantic hydro-electric plant, which will be used to provide electricity for smelting and for domestic use in the new mining towns of Flin Flon and Sherritt Gordon. Immediate plans are for eight turbines, with an ultimate capacity of 88,000 h.p., of which 35,000 will be required at once by the Flin Flon mine and 5,000 h.p. by the Sherritt Gordon. Some idea of the magnitude of this undertaking may be gauged from the fact that the waters of the Churchill River will have to be raised to a height of 51 feet, in order to provide sufficient "head" to operate the giant turbines. The mere transport of construction material and machinery to the site of this power plant is a costly task, as it is situated at a point many miles from the nearest railway.

The developments in Northern Manitoba are but symptomatic of what is taking place in other parts of Canada. The Rouyn area and the twin towns of Rouyn and Noranda in Quebec, which did not exist five years ago, are now thriving industrial communities. These towns have sprung into prominence through the discovery of extensive ore deposits and the building by the C.N.R. of a branch line to serve them. To-day the Porcupine gold area, the Hollinger mine, with its one

hundred miles of underground workings, the nickel mines of Sudbury, which have no counterpart, Kirkland Lake and other areas in Northern Canada are household words in mining circles.

In Northern British Columbia, along the northern transcontinental line there has been greater activity in mining during the past two years than during the whole period since the line was built. New discoveries have been made in areas bordering on this line, and many properties, which have long been known to exist, are to-day being brought into production, supplying an ever-increasing quantity of silver, gold, lead, copper and other minerals for the markets of the world.

Wherever one goes in Canada to-day, one finds a feverish activity in mining. Already Canada ranks first among the nations of the world in the production of nickel, asbestos, cobalt; and, at her present rate of progress, will soon supplant the United States as the second most important gold producer. She is also third in silver and fifth in copper, lead and zinc.

Mining and hydro-electric expansions have been taken to represent Canada's healthy industrial condition, but there are many others of which a similar story could be told. In manufacturing there is a solid and steady progress. Last year there were established, along the lines of the Canadian National Railways alone, in Canada, 393 new plants, involving the expenditure of nearly £15,000,000, and during the same period 190 existing companies spent over £6,000,000 in additions to their plants, figures which are considerably in excess of those for 1928. In the Maritime Provinces last year new industrial undertakings were completed and authorized which will represent eventually a capital investment of £10,000,000.

Mention should also be made of the pre-eminent position Canada holds as a producer of pulp and paper and newsprint. She is to-day the world's leading producer of newsprint, her output of this commodity in 1929 being nearly double that of her nearest competitor, the United States. Of total newsprint exports during 1929 Canada shipped nearly 70 per cent. Yet, in spite of its dimensions, this industry is of comparatively recent growth. In 1890, Canada exported pulp and paper to the value of only

$120. To-day, in the course of twelve months, she exports the same commodity to the amount of 183 million dollars. In 1917, her output of pulp was scarcely over 850,000 tons. To-day it is over 2,000,000 tons. In 1917, her newsprint production was 690,000 tons. To-day it is 2,400,000 tons, exceeding the aggregate output of the United States and the Scandinavian countries, with France thrown in.

According to Mr. C. Price-Green, Commissioner of Natural Resources, Canada to-day is making relatively faster economic progress than the United States. Taking a number of vital factors, such as employment, construction contracts, car loading, foreign trade, etc., as a basis, Mr. Price-Green shows that the average percentage increase in Canada is over five times as great as in the United States.

Hand in hand with her great industrial expansion has gone Canada's foreign trade, and during the past twelve years her trade has multiplied eight times. She now leads all other nations in favourable trade balance per head of population and her exports per capita, amounting to a hundred and thirty-three dollars, are one-third greater than the figure for Great Britain and nearly four times that of the United States.

At the time of Confederation in 1867, the statesmen of what was then British North America saw far beyond the immediate possibilities of such an agricultural country. They had a vision of a British community of contented people, in which a happy balance would be struck between the industry of agriculture and that of manufacturing. Those who are privileged to witness the present-day development of Britain's greatest Dominion can have no doubt but that the vision of her early statesmen will be realized in the present century.

Crying Peace—A Vision of 1950

By Periscope

"Use froward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself."—*Francis Bacon.*

FIVE years had passed since the last Naval Conference of 1945. The size of the British navy had been measured by the sieve of socialistic legislation in an inverse ratio to the importance of the Empire. Self-deception, a vice removed by thin partitions from hypocrisy, had gained the day. The Prime Minister had spoken platitudes on the subject of the League of Nations and the coming millennium, while all the time his eyes were fixed not on the ends of the earth, but on an enumeration of the bribes which he could make available for the next election. Money saved from building warships was a potent force for the purchase of votes. There was a time when votes were few in number and their purchase naked and unashamed; now they are many and still awaiting the highest bidder. The solemn farce had been played. Each nation had got what it sought, the password "parity" had had many meanings, and had been used by friend and foe alike. To some it had meant safety, to Britain it had meant the headstone of a grave—beneath was a buried navy. On it was carved a formula.

All discussions of British politicians were based on the assumption that war with America was unthinkable. Let the United States and Japan build their capital ships against one another for the hegemony of the Pacific, with the Philippines as a bone of contention. The old theory of the balance of power was transferred from Europe to a new hemisphere, and this nice poise would leave England free and untrammelled to carve out her destiny, not now in the sphere of colonial expansion and unselfish devotion to an Imperial ideal, but in the cramping and self-centred aim of the many living on the life-blood of the State. The old theory may have been based on a selfish motive, but it had found its expression in the realization that her Empire was in being, that the number of the seas was seven, and that there was mutability in human things. It had happened therefore that when it came to the numbering of navies, she had seen to it that hers was twofold in strength.

America and Japan thus in theory disposed of, there only remained the nations of Europe. France, Italy—our former allies; Germany disarmed; Russia—our mentor, the very "top of admiration," whose impact on India was welcomed as accelerating the day when India would cease from troubling any but her own voiceless millions. In any case, what use would a navy be against France's innumerable air fleets, her submarines at our gates if the unexpected and impossible were to happen?

Now war had come at last, come at a date when the full effect of the latest of Naval Conferences had worked itself out. But the premises on which England had made her disarmament agreement proved wholly false. America and Japan were not enemies but allies, and we had a navy whose strength was nerveless through dispersal. How that strange alliance came about is shortly told. For four decades America had placed a bar on the entry of Japanese to her shores. Australia had done the same. Japan's millions were breaking against the bars, yet outlet there was none. China was herself overpopulated. Russia's settlers had poured into the eastern provinces of Siberia in their efforts to leave behind the theorists of Moscow, and were forming an impregnable barrier to Japanese penetration. Canada, too, was barred from Japan, though some Japanese fishermen worked in the waters of British Columbia.

The statesmen of Japan had changed their outlook. At one time a successful war with the States, involving the domination of the Pacific, the forcible occupation of the Philippines, the settling of Alaska, the right to migrate to the American continent, had seemed the solution of her problem. That had been the nightmare of United States politicians. At naval conferences, while Great Britain's naval strength was the subject of their talk, their minds were dwelling upon the fleets of Japan. They had believed that Great Britain's day was over, that the leadership of finance and industry had passed to New York and the cities of the West. Only across the Pacific was one to be kept in check, her every move watched and ruthlessly checkmated.

The rivalry of princes has often, so history teaches, proved a fire of self-immolation, and from their ashes democracy has been born. The prince can only derive

his strength from others, from the bodies of men and the wealth of merchants. By spending both he has taught his instruments where power lies. He realizes this and knows that a breaking point must come, that he cannot extract more from humanity than humanity is prepared willingly to surrender to him; that in short there is the crucial moment when the worm will itself turn. But when democracy rules it is otherwise. Her thirst for domination knows no internal check. Her wars are bloodier, her actions more relentless; she has no loyalties to trammel her course.

To the democracy of the States a new world-outlook came. Why war with that great Oriental power, over whom the War of 1914-1918 had passed as lightly as over herself? Surely world domination outside that war-weary and beggared Europe could be shared? For Japan, the Philippines, New Zealand, Australia, an outlet to South Africa if need be. For the States, the new world with Canada. Nay, might not the coloured problem of the South be solved by re-transferring its teeming millions to Africa and using them as a spear-head to hamper and overthrow British domination, thus achieving a hypocritical revenge on the chief offender of slaving days?

In her blindness Britain had overlooked that the United States owed no allegiance to the League of Nations. For the people of Europe to combine in boycotting a restive and unpleasant member was a simple process, when each is dwelling on the other's doorstep and dependent on one another's washing for a living. But for even a United States of Europe to combine against the United States of America—what futility when it is a boycott of a nation self-contained, financially self-supporting and three thousand miles across the sea! And Japan—what is the West to her when Russia stands apart from Europe, and yet is at the doors of the eastern kingdom?

War has always come suddenly, and yet when it does come men realize how inevitable it was, how blind were they. Their thoughts run in the old channels, and out of nowhere comes the cataclysm. A labour riot in Australia, a Japanese strike-breaker killed—that was Japan's starting point, and with America some obscure quarrel about British Honduras, the West Indian islands and

rum-running. A week passed, and for the second time in fifty years the world bade fair to crumble to pieces. But now Europe looked on at the ruin, instead of taking the principal part in the demolition.

The history of the war is the story of the fall of the British Empire. The granaries of the New World were at once lost or cut off. The blow had been struck in the winter. With the St. Lawrence frozen, the only outlet for grain was St. John's and Halifax. The railway was, however, at the mercy of the United States forces, which hopelessly outnumbered the Canadian Army. Innumerable aeroplanes, hurriedly withdrawn from the trans-Continental mail-routes and from the private ownership of millionaires, made rail movement impossible, and the few Canadian surveying machines were wholly unequal to pit themselves against the Southern enemies. The British Admiralty had realized at once the strategical value of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Battle-cruisers, a sea-plane carrier and light cruisers acting on secret orders had reached the two ports in four days' time, and in a short engagement, fought within 36 hours of the outbreak of war, had driven off an advance squadron of the United States Navy.

Eastern Canada was saved, and the stretch of Maine north of the Canadian Pacific line occupied by a mixed force of Canadian volunteers and marines. Along the whole of the Canadian border, mobilization of the United States army had taken place. Though the winter cold prevented movement, they waited to strike in the spring at the wheat-elevators that towered along rail-track and lake-head. The air-fleet of Britain, transferred across the Atlantic, carried out a ceaseless patrol to prevent the destruction of the precious storehouses by air-attack. The frozen surfaces of the Great Lakes were dotted with the outposts of the two armies.

The States had only to play Germany's naval tactics and she was bound to win. To maintain her own fleet intact in her Atlantic harbours, even though her European trade disappeared, was her aim. She could not starve like Germany, she need not seek afield for her raw material of munitions. True, she had to face unemployment, but there was the accumulation of the wealth of war and post-war years on which to draw. The Pacific

coast was safe, for the entrance to the Panama Canal was impregnable to attack, and Japan's navy was guarding the Pacific. Her own Pacific fleet had joined hands with Japan and, based on the Philippines, was within striking distance of Australia and the Straits Settlements.

It was obvious from the outset that neither of Britain's enemies intended to force her fleet to battle, numerically weaker though it might be to their own combined forces. The lion's claws were blunted, but still the lion was there. Their object could best be obtained by starvation from a distance. What England needed was food convoys. Canada had been all but cut off for the moment: perhaps in the spring it might be possible to move wheat down the St. Lawrence, if Montreal and Quebec could be defended till then, or if the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence were denied to the movement of British shipping, the Hudson Bay route gave a slender chance of safety.

Meantime there was Australia and the Argentine, but these distant sources of supply implied a concentration of shipping and an intensive system of convoys. Nor, indeed, was the Argentine a free agent. Since the Great War the capitalists of New York had largely replaced British in the development of these Latin-American States. The influence that Germany had exercised on the Pacific States of South America in the War of 1914-18 now had its counterpart on the eastern coast. The price to be paid for wheat supplies became almost prohibitive for a country whose wealth war and its aftermath of Socialist legislation had been bleeding to death.

Australia's supply was but a broken reed. What effective convoy-protection could a navy give, of which one-half was endeavouring to protect the Atlantic routes and the other half was fantastically spread from South Africa to Australia, north-west to the Red Sea and east to the Indies? The great Singapore dry-dock that might have meant so much, the nucleus of a great ship-repair and refuelling yard, was now but a skeleton, a thing of shreds that had failed of achievement. Despite Dutch protests, the Japanese navy had based itself on Java, and with unlimited supplies of oil-fuel thus assured, and the great harbour of Manila for its refits, could maintain a watch between the south-west corner of Australia and

India for convoys. Her submarines were ocean-cruising craft that could strike far from their bases. She had no fear of attack across the Pacific, for squadrons of the United States navy, holding the Panama Canal and watching the Straits of Magellan, effectually prevented raiding cruisers from breaking through.

And now, as the Dominions had come to the help of the Mother Country in the Great War, so she in her turn sent every possible unit of her standing army across the seas. Part had gone to help Australia and New Zealand in holding their cities against the Japanese invasion that seemed imminent. But the greater number, and almost the entire Air Force, were despatched to Canada—Canada, the one hope of saving Great Britain from starvation; if only she could live through till the winter had passed. From St. John to Ottawa and Kingston when spring came ran a chain of trenches reminiscent of the French front, and an amphibious war where sea-planes played a great part was fought on the lakes. To the New World were transferred the mud and horrors of the old. Only some Quixotic strain in both combatants—reminiscent of the rock from which each was hewn—spared the cities of the New World from the gruesome air weapons and the poison gas that science had been evolving more intensively in her laboratories since the League of Nations came into being. And, all the while, men in the plains of Canada watched and waited as spring changed to summer, summer to autumn and the life-giving wheat slowly ripened, while United States aeroplanes sought to hurl their "Greek fire" to set alight the rustling ears.

In the Indian Ocean, British cruiser after cruiser eked out to convoys went down, fighting against flying squadrons of Japanese and United States ships. Destroyers based on Colombo took over the convoys to bring them across the Indian Ocean and up the Red Sea. Their crews lived half-blinded, dazed, in the inferno of heat, without respite, ships holding on that should long ago have been sent home for overhaul. They knew that the end was coming, that the expediencies and shams of politics had marked out the British Empire for its destined doom. They prayed that ere the end came through mere starvation of men and women at home and

of material abroad, it might be given to them to hear not the plodding screws of the convoys, the sudden hiss of the torpedo from an unseen craft, but to go out in the crash of screaming shells and spouting waters when the battle of navies is joined and the great nations fall.

That part of the eastern British air-fleet which was based on Singapore found itself almost isolated, and was transferred to the Southern Australian coast, there to assist the overwrought cruisers in the early part of their convoy work; those at Colombo performed the same task, linking up with Aden and the Suez Canal, but with Egypt hostile and a Pan-Negro movement afoot throughout Africa, there was little respite to shipping from a continuous submarine and mining peril.

It was difficult for those brought up in the ideas of the close blockade of Germany to realize that blockade could be made effective by pressure exerted in the Antipodes and the other side of the Atlantic. The North Sea patrol, the Dover barrage, the Grand Fleet watching from Scapa —these had sufficed to strangle Germany. To imagine that an American fleet 3,000 miles away, a Japanese fleet watching the coasts of Australia could starve out England, wear down her navies, immobilize part of her overseas army, and cast on her air force an impossible burden seemed incredible. Yet the impossible was happening. Western Europe, even if she were willing, could not raise a hand to help. France, with her dwindling agricultural population, could barely provide food for her own needs, for the United States saw to it that the grain supplies of the New World were rationed to the essential needs of the continent of Europe, and no more.

And Ireland—by one of those strange freaks in her history, she had forgotten her normal rôle of the irreconcilable. Some old chord of chivalry had been touched, a chord whose note had died in the forgotten and buried past. She saw a great nation dying before her eyes, the victim of deluded charlatans, her population's energy undermined by years of pampering Socialism. She heard of the starving people in the cities, and out of her own plenty a great pity came. Little could her produce do to fill the great emptiness of that land, but what she could she did. And once again, too, did the fisherfolk of her western seaboard flock to the navy of Britain. The dead

Irish regiments were reborn. The flame of the setting sun touched the island to gold. And what though, when the sun was gone, the light would fade from her?

For Britain the burden of the war did not merely consist in keeping the seas open for food ships, but in the protection of trooping convoys on their way to Canada, to India and to Africa, East and West. American propaganda had created a race-consciousness amongst the tribes and native peoples of Africa. Were not their brothers in the States—many of them wealthy, politically powerful, cultured—soon to come amongst them, free them from white domination, set their feet on the path that would make of the African continent a compact federation comparable to that of the United States? And America was the champion of this idea. That the motive was self-interested was overlooked: she posed as the trustee of the rights of the coloured population of the New World, a trustee who sought to restore to their heritage those whose ancestors had been ruthlessly torn from it by British slavers. Hence armed sporadic revolt in all Britain's African possessions. And there was another blind, half-guessed motive working at the back of the native mind. The Indian and Malay had so far been kept out of West and East Africa despite the sloppy internationalism of a Socialist Government of Great Britain; but would this continue? Was there not the likelihood that this cheap labour would be allowed to flow in and the simple native African agriculturist be swamped before it? Why then not be rid of British rule and make the African master of his own destiny?

Everywhere throughout the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean there were American and Japanese privateers afoot working under every kind of disguise, attacking merchantmen, concentrating in twos and threes on armed merchant cruisers. Cruising submarines found resting places on the African coasts, and though many were tracked down by British decoys and submarine-destroyers, the task set was beyond the powers of man and material. The Naval Conference had achieved the end that the United States had sought. The strength of England had been shattered before ever a blow had been struck.

To a Socialistic Government and to the great mass of labour which had placed it in power, it had appeared such a little thing that a navy should be whittled down. "Competition in armaments" was a phrase that to all had had a sinister sound. It was anathematized as the cause of the world war of 1914, and men thought that by limiting such competition artificially, war would end, and the money saved would be theirs—to create a new heaven where doles would alternate with free cinema shows. What was their country anyway, what were their blood-brethren in the Dominions and the Colonies? Were not the bounds of nations being swept away and all united in one great international?

Bitterly men's thoughts turned to those days. Now when all things were tottering to the end, they realized what England meant to them, how deep down in their hearts was something which they had not suspected, a love of her greatness, of her ships that had plied safely on the seven seas because in the background was the shadowy might of a navy that had been, a thrill at the unsuspected heroism of her men and women living and loving in far, lonely places of the earth. They heard a great cry at midnight, and, lo! their lamps were empty of oil.

They wrought at the forge and at the slips, they starved and their children slowly died of want, but still they worked. They sought no pay, only the food that would give them life. None reproached the other for the past, for the deadly hour that was closing in. When the fate from which there was no escape, the famine that inevitably forces the bravest to surrender finally closed on Britain, and her navy by a process of attrition had been reduced to a mere skeleton, the warships of the United States stole across the Atlantic and made a junction with divisions of the Japanese navy off the Azores. There, on the very day that the Japanese army captured Melbourne, the last remnants of a navy found its death in the waters where three and a half centuries ago the little "Revenge" had fought its last sea fight. The words of Sir Walter Raleigh are as fitting a memorial to the one as to the other:—

He hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honour.

William Dodd to his Brother Richard

By the Rev. H. F. B. Compston

THE trial, conviction, and execution of William Dodd provided the eighteenth century with one of its greatest social sensations. That a clergyman should be hanged for forgery was an event rare, if not unprecedented. And here was no hedge-priest; he had been well known as eloquent preacher, copious writer, Doctor of Laws Dignitary of the Church, Chaplain to the King, and an ardent helper in philanthropic enterprise. *Quomodo cecíderat robustus!*

The memory of that tragic downfall has never quite died away. It was revived when, in 1926, Dr. R. W. Chambers published the "Papers of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Dodd"; and the autumn of 1929 saw the recovery and the acquisition by the British Museum of the lost "Occasional Papers," bearing Dodd's name, but really the work of Johnson.

It is needless to tell again in detail the story of a good man gone wrong. My pleasanter task is to transcribe, and briefly to elucidate, three newly-disclosed letters written by William Dodd to his brother Richard, ere yet the evil days befell. The originals are in the possession of Major Francis M. E. Kennedy, C.B., of The Manor, Kingston St. Mary, Taunton. With them is an interesting relic, a little account book showing Richard Dodd's expenditure at college for about the first half of his undergraduate career. This will be cited, in the notes, as "Rd." Major Kennedy has kindly given permission for the letters to be published, and has added much helpful information, for which I desire to acknowledge cordially my indebtedness. For dates, verifications, etc., my thanks are due to the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford; the Incumbents of Bourne, Cowley (Middlesex), St. Olave's, Hart Street, and West Ham; the Librarians of the British Museum and the Rhodes House; and Canon W. G. Edwards. For much information relative

to the Brecon visit (Letter III) I am indebted to Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan, M.A., J.P., an authority on the local history.

The abbreviation "M.H." indicates the present writer's "The Magdalen Hospital: the Story of a great Charity" (1917).

I. 1757

The birthplace of William and Richard Dodd was the historic little town of Bourne, in the Lincolnshire Fens. William Cecil, the first Lord Burghley, was born there, and there are still some remains of Hereward the Wake's castle. Their father, the Rev. William Dodd, was Vicar of Bourne from October 23, 1727, to his death in 1756. His elder son's allusion in the "Thoughts in Prison," week II (1777), to his "hapless ancestor, fam'd Overybury," seems to claim some connection with that ancient family, unless it be that the sufferer in Newgate thought of a "spiritual ancestor" in Sir Thomas Overbury, murdered in the Tower in 1613. William Dodd, senior, was a quiet, studious man, with "a dear, pale face." From "The Parsons: an Eclogue," in Dr. Dodd's "Poems" (1767), it appears that the Vicar held strong views on tithes—they ought to be commuted for a fixed income—and that he enjoyed a pipe of tobacco.

William, the writer of the letters, was baptized at Bourne on May 23, 1728. This entry in the Register corrects the inscription on his coffin, which stated that he was born May 29, 1729. He obtained a Sizarship at Clare Hall (now Clare College), Cambridge, in 1746, and graduated as Fifteenth Wrangler in 1750. In the year following, he married Maria Perkins, a young girl of humble station, who proved a most devoted wife. Her husband often alludes to her affectionately—up to the closing hours of his life. In "Thoughts in Prison," week III, he bitterly resents the ridicule cast upon her by Samuel Foote, who, in his play *The Cozeners* (1774), had portrayed her as the comic Mrs. Simony. At the time when the two first letters were written, William had been a clergyman for over five years (ordained October 19, 1751), and was Lecturer at West Ham, under the Rev. Hugo Wyatt. He was also Afternoon Lecturer at

St. Olave's, Hart Street, where the Rev. Edward Arrowsmith was Rector. The evidence for William's popularity as a preacher is very abundant, but the earliest known to me is an entry in the St. Olave's records, supplied by the present Rector, dated November 10, 1757. The Churchwardens would attend "at the Church Door in Seething Lane on Sunday afternoons between ½ past 2 & 3 to prevent the inhabitants being incommoded in getting to their Pews." William and his wife lived at Plaistow (in the parish of W. Ham), in those days a residential suburb, growing rapidly in population and popularity, being only four miles from London, with pretty views of the Thames and its Kentish shore.

Richard was born July 27, 1738. In his eighteenth year he was elected to a Scholarship at Lincoln College, Oxford. He matriculated June 10, 1756, and went into residence on November 1 (Rd). The first letter thus comes in his second term. It seems likely that he looked upon his brother's house as his home; the supposition is consistent with the first two letters; "Plaistow" also occurs in "Rd." Lincoln College, of which John Wesley was still a Fellow (non-resident), ranked high among Oxford Colleges for its orderly and studious character. "The fifty years from 1731 to 1781, under two excellent Rectors, seem to have been among the happiest in the annals of the College" (A. Clark, "Lincoln," 1898). Richard's Rector was Richard Hutchins, whose portrait is in the College Hall.

The letter that follows is written on a sheet of paper folded in two. It is waterlined G.R. The writing is on pp. 1 and 2. The sheet was folded up and tucked in, making its own envelope, bearing on the outer side of p. 4 the address: "To Mr. Richard Dodd at Lincoln College, Oxford." It was sealed with black wax. The seal represents a female head and shoulders.

Dear Dick

My not writing to you proceeded from no other Cause, than constant employment, & a pen always in my hand,[1] & no particular Business or information to amuse you with. All things here are as usual: I have rec[d] from Tom Ives seven pounds some shillings—but have heard nothing from Tympeson or Beauchamp. If your verses

[1] His "Beauties of Shakespear," first published in 1752, passed into a second edition in 1757.

answered y^e^ end, it was well. I have heard no more of M^r^ Watkinson's[1] Books—so desire you'll buy me those of D^r^ Waterland,[2] which you mention. It matters little for y^e^ sending them, unless you have an opportunity, but in that, do as you will.—I hope, you will take care of your Conduct & be frugal in every respect: It is one of y^e^ greatest Evils to contract Debts[3] at College, a cause of misery to a man frequently all his Life after—more particularly Taverns, & Booksellers' Bills—Be sure avoid them—& lay it down as a maxim to buy nothing, till you have money to pay for it, you will then get it cheaper & enjoy it more—Tis a plain Duty commanded "Owe no man any thing."[4] A very little experience will convince you, that true friendship is gone, Terras Astraea reliquit[5]—& that all men *seek their own*[6]—Private Interest ruling almost universally. This s^d^ caution you in all your Dealings, & especially persuade you to make *Him*, your *friend* who never faileth, & who, tho' y^e^ father of all, is more peculiarly y^e^ *Father* of The *fatherless*![7] Oh may his particular Love & providence be over you—guide you into all truth,[8] & deliver you from all Evil![9] And for our dear deceased parents[10] sake, I intreat you be diligent in y^r^ studies, sober & exemplary in y^r^ Life, & above all strict and regular

[1] Possibly the Mr. Watkinson who, as I learn from the Rector of St. Olave's, was Dodd's immediate predecessor as Lecturer there. The Churchwardens contributed, at their discretion, to his support, from the collections providing Dodd's stipend.

[2] Daniel Waterland, the opponent of Samuel Clark and Arianism, wrote the "Vindication of Christ's Divinity" (1719), the "Doctrine of the Eucharist" (1737), and, shortly before his death in 1740, treatises on Regeneration and Justification.

[3] This advice is mournfully piquant in view of the very marked tendency to extravagance which largely accounted for William's ruin. Richard appears to have made an income of about £50 a year go a long way,—covering furniture, clothes, books, "battles" (the College battels' bills), coal, laundry, and journeys. The last-named rarely cost less than £1. For the 24 months ending Oct. 26, 1758 he spent £17.6.0. on clothing (a guinea for Wigs, nearly as much for Shoes,—5s/3d for mending them, and 6s/ for a pair of Stockings); £14.3.6. for furniture, and £7.14.0 for books (bought of J. & J. Fletcher in the Turl; Parker & Son succeeded them in the same premises in 1798. Fletchers had already been established a quarter of a century when Richard made his first purchase). His drink-bill is very low, especially for Oxford habits of that period. The entries from Nov. 19, 1758, to Jan. 21, 1759, for example, amount to only 14s/6d. Wine was cheap. "Mountain" (a sweet Malaga) and port cost only 1s/10d a bottle; rum was 3s/. Tea was dearer; Richard paid 2s/ for ½ lb. Bohea, and 3s/ for Green. (Rd).

[4] Romans xiii. 8.

[5] Ovid: "Metamorphoses," I. 150. The goddess of Justice who, in the Golden Age, had lived on earth, has forsaken it.

[6] Philippians ii. 21.

[7] Psalm lxviii. 5.

[8] S. John xvi. 13.

[9] Cf. 2 Tim. iv. 18.

[10] Their father had died Aug. 6 (so in Register; in the Dedication of William's *Poems*, Aug. 8), 1756, aged 54. Elizabeth, his wife, predeceased him May 21 (Dedication, May 23), 1755, aged 55. Both were buried in Bourne Church.

in all holy Duties, that I may joy [1] of you, & unite y^e^ Gladness of a parent to y^t^ of [that of] a Brother in seeing your future welfare. Your sister [2] will write to you soon: as to all College affairs, they must be left to your prudence, but be very cautious how you act, or seem of any particular party or opinion.[3] Never affect singularity,[4] except in Virtue: "Love all, Trust a Few." Order your affairs for y^e^ best at College: but y^e^ less you reside, in my opinion, y^e^ better, supposing it compatible with your Views.—I shall always be glad to hear from you & to see you—more especially if you flourish in y^e^ Love of God and a Love of Knowledge.—My respects to M^r^ Wetherall & M^r^ Hern [5]—& believe me D^r^ Dick

Y^r^ most affect. Bro^r^
W. Dodd.

Plastow.[6] March 11, 1757.

II. 1758.

The second letter was written soon after a new and strong interest had entered into William's life. This was the Magdalen Hospital, projected by Robert Dingley, F.R.S., early in 1758. The Hospital was first housed in Whitechapel and began its work on August 10.

[1] Cf. Philemon 20.

[2] For "sister-in-law." Richard seems not to have liked her very much (M.H. p. 133, note 4).

[3] Probably Whigs, Tories, and Methodists were in his mind.

[4] George Whitefield, for example, at Pembroke College some twenty years earlier, thought that "Christianity required him to go about nasty." Later, he "dressed decently out of principle" (Quoted by C. P. S. Clarke: "Short History of the Christian Church," p. 407). William Dodd was *bien soigné*, even a dandy. His advice may, however, be of quite general application.

[5] These names cannot be identified with any certainty. Clarke Wetherall (in J. Foster, "Alumni Oxonienses," Wetherell) was Scholar of Lincoln 1757–1762, but his election (May 25) is later than the letter. It is perhaps possible that he was in Oxford preparing for College. Rd. records a payment to "Wetherall 8s/6d." The Rector of Lincoln writes "I cannot find a *Hern*. I thought for a moment that the name might be miswritten for *Horn*, for a William Horn was elected Scholar on April 8, 1754, but I read that another Scholar was elected on May 16, 1757 'in the room of W^m^ Horn deceased,' and that entry (or exit!) is hardly compatible with the letter of 4 Dec. 1758." Yet it seems just possible that William had not heard of Horn's death, or had forgotten it. The "&c:" of the 1758 letter suggests a vague allusion to a group he had met in Oxford.

[6] "Plaistow" also occurs in writings of the period (so too in Rd.). In Muilman's "History of Essex" (1770) the spelling with i occurs in the text, without it in a map.

The Magdalen was ever William's "favourite Charity," and may have been in his mind as he wrote some paragraphs of the letter.

Richard was pursuing his quiet way at Oxford. Even had he been as versatile and ambitious as his brother, he had little opportunity for Academical distinction. Honour schools were yet to come in Oxford, which in this respect lagged behind the sister University. The opening lines of the letter may possibly refer to Richard's "doing Generals" shortly before it was written. Generals, or Juraments, corresponded roughly to Responsions, but his taking two years for this need not, in the Oxford of that day, suggest idleness or lack of ability. Of his "verses" and their "end," to which the first letter alludes, nothing is known.

The writing-paper is folded in two. The letter occupies pp. 1–3. On p. 3 the writing runs across, i.e. vertically to the rest of the letter. There is no address, and no seal. The letter would be enclosed, with that of Kitty, in a separate cover.

DEAR DICK

I rec[d] yours & am glad to hear you found all Matters right at Oxford. Your Happiness & well-doing will always add to my pleasure, as you need not be told it is very near my Heart. And I hope & doubt not, but you will so endeavour, by Gods grace, to conduct yourself, as to secure y[e] only sure prospect of temporal & eternal felicity. It will give you satisfaction to be told, that my Evening Lecture [1] promises very fair; & I have reason to believe will turn out to my wishes. I rec[d] not a Letter from M[r] Lee, till y[e] wednesday sennight afterwards, when He dispatchd a very complaisant one by a special Messenger.— As to my pamphlet,[2] I am under great Disquietude about it, under a sense of y[e] Calumny & reproaches, y[t] it will necessary bring upon me— as solely seeking preferment: & yesterday I spent a long Time with y[e] Bp of Chester,[3] who seem'd quite to agree with me, & is to consult

[1] Possibly that at the Magdalen, where he preached prior to his formal appointment in the year following. He continued to preach at St. Olave's, where the service was at 3 o'clock, and could easily be at Prescot Street by 5.30, the hour for service at the Magdalen.

[2] This may have been the "pathetic paper" about the Magdalen alluded to in the *London Chronicle*, April 19, 1758, but much more probably something he was preparing for publication. His sermon at the first Anniversary in April 1759 has a preface of 18 pages in which he replies to various critics of the new Charity.

[3] Edmund Keene. The conversation may have been about such a pronouncement, along with his decision to part company with the Hutchinsonian and "Methodistical" clergy with whom he had hitherto been associated. See M.H. p. 118.

with y^e^ Arcbishop [1] [*sic*] & so I am to act accordingly. I have compiled a good Deal which I read to him & He seem'd much to approve: but it is a matter of much uneasiness to me.—I have renewed my acquaintance with D^r^ Newton.[2] I see you have got Sheridan [3] amongst you at Oxford: pray send me a particular account of Him, his abilities, Design &c—& also whether He purposes to visit London. He seems to be somewhat upon y^e^ plan I was mentioning once to you, if He is capable: & if He be, I shou'd much wish Him to come to Town.—I have y^e^ pleasure to tell you, that I never was better in my Life, my pains being gone, & my strength quite restor'd, which I attribute in a good measure to leaving off white wine: y^r^ Sister too is very well, & will write to you soon. She desires her best Love. I have been sadly plagued with my Horses, which have been very sick, as has my Man also with a bad Cold.—M^r^ Holbrooke came the other Day to desire me to pay Him for doing Duty for me. The Boys [4] continue as usual, & M^r^ Volf attends them three Times a week. Our Neighbours are in y^e^ same state: M^rs^ Dorrien,[5] & her little family desire to be remember'd, & Kittys Letter is enclosed. Pray make enquiries after Heidegger's Life of y^e^ patriarchs [6] for Me: & send it, if possible. I had a Letter from Tom Ives y^e^ other Day, who has not yet disposed of his Livings: if you hear of any Body, y^t^ wants such a thing let me know.—Pray inform me, if Wetherall or Hern [7] &c.: take any Notice of you—& don't you yourself go near them.—I had a favourable opportunity to speak of you to y^e^ Bishop: which perhaps may be of use. God in his great Mercy, I trust, will protect & provide for us. Be it only our Care to walk worthy our calling,[8] & by no vile doings to put ourselves from under his protection, & we need never doubt of his favour. Farewell & be assured, y^t^ I am both by Nature & affection, Dear Dick

Y^r^ loving Bro^r^
W. Dodd.

Plastow,[9] De^r^ 4. 1758.

[1] Thomas Secker had, earlier in the year, succeeded to Matthew Hutton.

[2] Thomas Newton, Boyle Lecturer that year; subsequently Bp. of Bristol.

[3] Thomas Sheridan, father of the dramatist, came from Dublin that year and lectured at Oxford and Cambridge (incorporating at both Universities) and elsewhere on Education, which he aimed at reforming. What would specially attract William was his advocacy of a study of Elocution.

[4] He took pupils. It was some six years after this letter that Philip Stanhope, the unintentional cause of his downfall, came as pupil.

[5] Mr. John Dorrien was one of the original Committee of the Magdalen.

[6] J. H. Heidegger, a Zurich scholar, wrote "De historia sacra Patriarcharum" (Amsterdam, 1667). No English translation is known.

[7] See note 1 on p. 361.

[8] Ephesians iv. 1.

[9] See note 2 on p. 361.

III. 1764.

The third letter is undated, but the contents clearly establish the date docketed "Dr. Dodd 1764," and it belongs to the summer or early autumn of that year. Much had happened to the brothers since the winter of 1758. William had gained the friendship of Samuel Squire, who in 1761 became Bishop of St. David's. In 1763 the Bishop presented him to a Prebendal stall in Christ College, Brecon. (This Collegiate body, dissolved in 1841, had no connection with the Priory Church, now Brecon Cathedral. Its name appropriately survives as that of the well-known public school at Brecon.) William soon became the Bishop's Chaplain, and then Chaplain to the King. It was the Bishop who recommended him to the Earl of Chesterfield, who wanted a tutor for young Philip Stanhope, his heir. The elder of the Dodd brothers had definitely "arrived." He must have become richer in worldly goods. In a Minute Book of Christ College Miss Morgan has found the entry "Prebend of Nantguullo, Dr Dodd, Southampton Row—1766 until 1776. Reserved Rents £10, Cash received 2s/6d," which does not suggest lucre; but "his income from the Stall must have been much more, as most of the revenue of Christ College was divided amongst the Prebends, and the income was about £10,000 per annum."

Richard had taken his degree in 1760. Ordained "at the usual age" (and thus *cir.* 1761) he became Curate of Camberwell and, on the first vacancy, Afternoon Lecturer there. Shortly before this letter was written he had married, on May 9, Adelgunda Margueritta Wynantz. This lady, born December 27, 1738, was the daughter of Francis Wynantz, a Dantzig merchant, naturalized a British subject in 1731. He died in 1774. Her mother, Margueritta Portalés, belonged to the old and honourable Huguenot family of Portalés. Documents of great historical importance, relating to the War in the Cevennes, have been preserved in the Portalés family and handed down to Major Kennedy. It is to be hoped that they will be published.

The letter, not in such good condition as the other two, is written on a sheet of paper, folded in two. The writing is on pp. 1–3.

Dear Bro[r]

We arrived last Night safe at Bristol Wells,[1] where we now are, in pleasant Lodgings; & I hope, the Water will be of great Service to your Sister. She has been but very indifferent most part of y[e] Journey, which has been y[e] only thing, that has prevented it from being most agreable. We found some part of y[e] Road very indifferent, & when We came to Worcester, were informed, that it was nearly impassable from thence to Hereford & Brecknock: so we were oblig'd to coast it by Gloucester, & go thro' Monmouth & Abergavenny, at which place we arrived on Saturday Evening last about seven, & then took post Horses & got to Brecknock about half past twelve that Night. We are highly delighted with Wales,[2] & have received great pleasures & Civilities there: We past two or three Days at Brecknock & at Aberganny, & ascended y[e] vast Mountains,[3] some of whose Tops are cover'd with Clouds. The people are very hospitable;[4] & for my own affair,[5] I have reason to hope, I shall make it better than I expected.

[1] The Hot Wells, Clifton, a favourite health resort from the early days of Queen Anne. "It had its season [Lady-day to Michaelmas], pump-room, & band, its 'rooms' with balls & assemblies, & a Master of the Ceremonies, a colonnade, & a long parade shaded with trees, and gay parties used to go down the river in boats with music, or across the ferry to eat strawberries and cream at Ashton." . . . "Lodgings could be had at 10s/– a week per room during the season . . . and half that sum out of season" (W. Hunt, "Bristol," p. 180[f].). Among the plentiful crop of gossip about Dr. Dodd, stories of all sorts, that sprang up in 1777, was a curious incident of this, or a later, visit to Bristol, related in the *London Chronicle* of July 1, 1777. The Dodds were having a drive when some gypsies offered to tell them their fortunes. Mrs. Dodd had her's told, but the Prebendary refused, and drove on through the crowd, whereupon a gypsy shouted after him, "You may hold your head high now, but you'll hold it higher still yet, for you'll be hanged!" Dr. Dodd was highly amused and related the incident with gusto at his next dinner party; and on a stormy crossing of the Channel some time later, he rallied his fellow-voyagers with the remark, "If I'm going to be *hanged*, you won't be *drowned*!" My daughter suggests that, knowing his Shakespeare so well, he may have thought of Gonzalo's remarks in *The Tempest*, I, i.

[2] Brecon gave him themes for two poems in the volume published in 1767, "Pious Memory. Occasioned by seeing the Graves dressed with flowers," at Brecknock in Wales, and an "Ode written in the Walks at Brecknock. To Dr. Squire." The first has reference to the ancient custom still observed in Wales and Monmouthshire on Palm Sunday; if the poet is right, the people of Brecon at that time decked the graves every week.

[3] The Beacons (Pen y Fan is nearly 3,000 feet), and the Monmouthshire Sugar Loaf, Blorenge, and Great Skyridd. The scenery of the whole region is beautiful and, at certain points, impressive.

[4] Miss Morgan thinks that the resident Prebendary may have occupied the house at Christ College which in earlier times had been a residence of the Bishop of St. Davids. "All the county gentry had town houses in the borough of Brecon, and there was much entertaining . . ."

[5] Presumably he thinks of his Prebend and the Bishop's friendship.

Yesterday we went to see Mr Morris's [1] walks near Chepstow, which are ye most delightful I ever saw; I wish I cd say so of ye passage at Chepstow; We came over very pleasantly, but by ye bad management of ye ferryman yr sister receiv'd much damage to her Linen, Laces &c which got wet. I have seen so little here, that I can say nothing of it: But it appears, to be elegant & agreable. My Horses have perform'd admirably well. A propos of Horses—I have sought in vain in ye principality of Wales; I never saw such a string of vile Animals; I cou'd not meet with one tolerable. A Clergyman at Brecon (Mr Fru [2] who has seen you at Mr Crespigny's) wanted to recommend a little genteel London Tit [3] to me, but that, you know, was not ye Thing.

And now, my dear Brother, what of your belov'd partner—? She is well & happy, I hope: that she & you may long continue so, is my most cordial Wish; & rest ever assur'd, that all in my little power shall always readily contribute to ye Augmentation of yr felicity. No state is so blest as ye nuptial one, when souls, as well as bodies unite; when Tenderness & delicacy join to secure that Happiness, which is shy, & must be cautiously guarded; & when ye chearful pair can look beyond ye present to an union, which shall never be broken. Your Sister unites with me in every tender and endearing Wish to you & our new relation, & hopes, that a friendship will be cemented amongst us strong enough to support us against all ye Difficulties of Life, sweet enough to render all ye pleasures of Life doubly pleasing. I call'd upon ye Muse (who has been very civil during ye jaunt, & who inspir'd me first when we came in view of Oxford) to say something by way of nuptial Song; but she absolutely refus'd, & insisted, yt so many things by way of Epithalamium had been written, & so much said of happy pair, smiling Girls & [&] lovely boys, flowers & sweets, & lillies & roses,

[1] Valentine Morris (1727–1789) beautified his estate of Persfield (or Piercefield), near Chepstow, at great cost. Guide-books of the period are enthusiastic in praise of the walks overlooking the Wye. About the year 1771 he incurred serious losses as the result of gambling and profuse generosity. The family estates were in Antigua, and Morris retired there for a while, retrieving his damaged fortunes, until appointed Governor of St. Vincent. This island he tried to make a second Persfield, but when the French took it (with never a shot fired!) in 1779, he incurred the British government's displeasure, and was unable to recover revenues due to him in the lost island. On his return to England he spent several years in the King's Bench, for debt. Released in 1786, the three last years were passed with relatives who befriended him. ("Annual Register," 1801: "Characters," pp. 27–30, from Coxe, "Tour in Monmouthshire").

[2] The Rev. John Frew, son of William Frew of Brecon, 1731–1794. At Jesus College, Oxford, 1749–1753. From 1781 to his death he was Rector of Llansantffread, where "he must have heard many things from old inhabitants about the Silurist," for Henry Vaughan, the poet so named, lived and died (1695) in this parish. Mr. Frew was on bad terms with Dissenters. Returning from Brecon Quarter Sessions, where he had appealed against them for meeting in a barn in his parish, he was thrown from his horse and killed. The Dissenters said it was the judgment of God upon him.

[3] A small horse, cf. titlark, titmouse.

rapturous Nights & blushing Days with a prodigious variety besides, y^t y^e whole stock was exhausted, & Helicon [1] had not, in any single Warehouse, sufficient to furnish out a good ode or even a tolerable Ballad. Tis a fix'd rule, you know, to do nothing of y^e kind invitâ Minervâ; [2] so you must take y^e Muse's Apology. I did indeed just hint, y^t Miss *Jenny Crespigny* [3] wou'd afford curious [4] subject for song. The Muse assented to this; but then she insisted, y^t this w^d be digressive, & since Bp Warburton's Divine Legation [5] & Cruelty [6] to Shakespear y^e Muses have been no friends to Digression: so she advised me to throw in a Hint, that it w^d be well for y^e same Miss Jenny Crespigny to afford a proper occasion for y^e song direct, which when she does, I do verily believe we can coax y^e Muse into a Humour to touch y^e Lyre.—This to y^e amiable Miss Jenny, with both our affectionate Remembrances.

I don't think about preferment affairs now in y^e recess: nevertheless I hope you will endeavour to get recommended to Bp. Terrick.[7] Let me hear from you, & before I leave this place I will write again, & till then adieu.

W. D.

Hot Wells.

IV

The reader may care to have some account of what afterwards happened to the brothers. It will be brief, for William's story in well known, while of Richard there is less to tell. The salient facts as to the latter may be read in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1811, vol. 81, part 1, p. 606; to this Obituary notice the present article adds several particulars.

Nearly ten years after the third letter Dr. William Dodd (he had taken the LL.D. at Cambridge in 1766)

[1] The range of mountains in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

[2] "Minerva being unwilling."—"against the grain." The eighteenth century was more addicted than the present to classical tags.

[3] Jane de Crespigny, third daughter and fifth child of Philip C. de Crespigny, of Champion Lodge, Camberwell, Proctor of the Court of Arches and Admiralty. Miss de Crespigny, probably a bridesmaid at Richard's wedding, married a Mr. Revely. Mr. Claude Crespigny was a trustee of Richard and Adelgunda's marriage settlement. The family had property in the parish next to Mr. Frew's, the mansion and manor of Talgyllin. William's simpering remarks seem ill-timed!

[4] Rare, nice. (Cf. Murray's Dictionary, s.v. § 14).

[5] Bp. Warburton's "Divine Legation of Moses," "the most daring & ingenious of theological paradoxes." William's Bible Commentary was in preparation and vol. i appeared in 1765.

[6] Major Kennedy concurs in thus reading the word. The "Beauties of Shakespear" passed into a third edition after the compiler's death. Was he now revising the second edition? Or neglecting it?

[7] Richard Terrick (1710–77), translated from Peterborough to London, June 1764.

began to go down hill, and rapidly. His simoniacal attempts, with his wife as intermediary, to secure the rich benefice of St. George, Hanover Square, caused his instant dismissal from the Royal Chaplaincy. Ever deeper in debt, at last he became a felon. On February 3, 1777, he forged the signature of the Earl of Chesterfield (his old pupil, Philip Stanhope) for £4,200 on a bond of £700 a year on the Earl's life, and wrote a letter in the Earl's name confirming the transaction. The crime was soon detected, and arrest followed on February 6 at his house in Argyle Street. Forgery was at that time a capital offence, without Benefit of Clergy, and on May 26 the criminous clerk was sentenced to death. The strong efforts made by his many friends were augmented by Johnson's intervention, but all in vain. In the early forenoon of June 27, 1777, William Dodd was hanged at Tyburn.

Courtesy and considerateness were not rare in those days: people spoke of the "Unfortunate Divine." Insensate folly rather than innate wickedness brought him to the gallows. Not every reader will assent to this, nor to the description of Dr. Dodd as a "good man gone wrong." Rather, they would say, a "bad man gone worse." For Johnson's estimate has been very generally accepted—Dodd was a canting hypocrite all along. The strong terms used by Johnson when discussing Dodd's character with Boswell gave great pain to the unhappy man's relatives, and Philip Dodd strongly resents the publicity Boswell accorded them. (M.H., p. 130.) Those who accept Johnson's opinion may find, in these letters, evidence of such hypocrisy as made William a pious *poseur* to his own brother. To others they may appear to support a judgment less harsh; and one wonders whether even Johnson might not have seen in them something better than automatic hypocrisy, even though the diagnosis points to that Sanctimonious Homileticism which affects some of the Clergy and Ministers of all Denominations. Dr. Dodd's widow lived in deep seclusion at Ilford, where she died July 14, 1784. They had no children.

Richard and Adelgunda had only four years together. Two children were born, Francis Margaretta and William.

At the birth of the latter, in 1768, the mother died. It may confidently be surmised that a pleasant literary collaboration had occupied the leisure hours of the young couple between 1764 and 1766, in which year appeared an English translation of Formey's "Ecclesiastical History," in two well-printed octavo volumes bound in smooth calf. The translator's name is not given, but there is every ground for accepting the attribution, in the Obituary, to Richard Dodd. He disarms criticism by saying that he was "more desirous of expressing his author's meaning than of gaining himself a reputation." Yet the version reads smoothly; and it was appropriate that a Church History by a Franco-German Protestant should be rendered in English by a clergyman whose wife was the daughter of a Prussian father and a French mother of Huguenot descent. At the end of the second volume is an appendix by the translator, who clearly wished to bring Formey up to date, on the "People called Methodists." Richard shows no likelihood of joining them, but he tries to be impartial in his disapproval and gives documentations from the journals.

In the interval between Adelgunda's death and his acceptance, in 1771, of the benefice of Cowley, near Uxbridge, Richard was associated with his brother in the services at Charlotte Chapel, Pimlico. This was one of Dr. Dodd's two proprietary chapels (the other was in Bloomsbury) the building of which was a hazardous speculation and led to financial embarrassments. The alternate evening preachers were Richard Dodd and Weeden Butler.[1] The latter, a recently-ordained young cleric of considerable ability, was private secretary to Dr. Dodd, who in "Thoughts in Prison," Week I, cries, "Oh Butler,—'midst a million faithful found!"

In the year following his removal to Cowley, Richard married Elizabeth Sanderson. The marriage took place in Cowley Church, by licence, October 13, 1772. Three children were born, Elizabeth, Philip Stanhope, and Charles. Philip, born in 1775—how often must the choice of a baptismal name have been regretted!—grew up in a home ever afterwards overshadowed by what had

[1] A short account of his career is given in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

happened in June 1777. He heard the whole story from his father, who could never speak of it without an emotion painful to himself and his embarrassed son. We can picture the stricken Richard presenting to George III a last petition for his brother's life, and then driving home in his chaise overcome with despair at the failure of his hopes. On the next night, along that same road, was borne the body of William Dodd, with the faithful Weeden Butler in attendance, to Cowley Churchyard, where, on the north side of the church, a grave had been digged, and much quicklime provided.

Some years afterwards we find Richard living away from his parish. This period includes the year 1784, when he published a sermon on "The Importance of a Religious Education." The sermon was preached at Richmond, where he had a house and took pupils. Elizabeth Dodd died in 1802. Richard continued to be Rector of Cowley until 1807, when increasing bodily weakness led him to resign. Retiring to Camberwell, with which he had so many links, he spent the four remaining years in his house on Camberwell Green, a lovely spot in those days, tended by his children who honoured and loved him, and died on June 17, 1811, at the age of seventy-three.

There is a genuine ring in the tribute paid him in the Obituary: "Mr. Dodd possessed a very powerful understanding, & was distinguished by great manliness & sincerity of character. He was a judicious and faithful adviser, a frank & steady friend; his heart was alive to all the tenderest feelings & always ready to afford truest evidences of kindness & benevolence."

Comparison with his ill-fated brother would have been odious indeed in an Obituary. But after so long a time it is permissible to reflect on the striking contrast between the characters of William and Richard Dodd. The younger was *integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*, with a conspicuous absence of that vanity, self-seeking, and ambition which brought the elder to ruin.

Two notes may be added in conclusion.

1. The elder son of Richard Dodd's second marriage,

Philip Stanhope,[1] had an honourable and useful career—Fellow of Magdalene, Cambridge, a very popular London preacher, and Rector of Penshurst—where he died in 1852. His writings include a work on St. Peter (1837), and an unpublished account of his uncle's tragedy; this MS. was one of the principal new sources of information used in "The Strange Case of Dr. Dodd" (M.H.).

2. Richard Dodd's daughter by his first marriage, Frances Margaretta, married William Golightly. Their third child and second son was the Rev. Charles Portalés Golightly[1] (1807–85), prominent for half a century in Oxford, where he lived at 6 Holywell Street. Some who read this, especially if of Oriel College, will remember him. It is not generally known, perhaps, that Mr. Golightly left a bulky correspondence relating to the part he took in the Tractarian controversy. Lord Davidson, when Archbishop, judged these documents to be of great historical interest, and Major Kennedy, to whom they had been transmitted—for his mother was Mr. Golightly's niece—presented them a few years ago to the Library at Lambeth Palace—rich in MSS. of ecclesiastical *provenance*. Among Mr. Golightly's papers were the three letters of William Dodd to his brother Richard, and all who are interested in eighteenth-century studies will be grateful to Major Kennedy for permitting their publication.

[1] A short account of his career is given in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

The Infatuation

By Edith Howes

"THE bottom depth of dullness" was a stranger's verdict on Tillyshort Bay, in the far south of New Zealand; for he saw only its thin line of settlement, curved between bush and sea, its one short road in front of the houses, its one store, its tiny church, and post office and school. But the stranger was wrong. Tillyshort Bay is never dull.

How should it be dull, with the fishing-boats chug-chugging out to sea in the morning and returning in the evening, or perhaps after several days, moving in a cloud of seabirds if the catch is good and outflung entrails numerous, coming in with all their tales of shoals and winds and weather, their gladness or disappointment or hopes for to-morrow; with the little steamer calling once a week, bringing mails and stores and now and then a visitor for somebody; with the mission boat bringing the preacher for Sunday morning service and taking him away again to preach at Bluewater in the afternoon?

Besides, there are the people in Tillyshort Bay! Over two hundred of them, all told, and not just ordinary people, mind you, but the greatest mixture of races you ever came across in one village: for, as well as the English and Scotch and Irish and Maoris and half-castes, there are Finns and Germans and Swedes, Americans and Russians, Portuguese and Chinese and Japanese.

Most are plain fisher folk or sailors; some are remittance men, evading the lure of drink in a district prohibited to safeguard the Maoris; some have been deserters from foreign ships, sealers or whalers: their modest aim being an unnoted life, they built sod huts or wooden shacks in the bush and they keep away from the store on steamer days.

These are all understandable people. One knows all about them and why they are where they are. There is no mystery about them, nothing one can't get at.

That Frenchwoman was different, deplorably different. There never was anybody like her in the Bay

before, and it is to be hoped there never will be again. Once is enough, when it's that kind of person.

She admitted from the very first that her birthplace was Paris, and Paris, as everyone knows, is a wicked city, dreadfully wicked. Then, she painted! Yes, there was no doubt whatever about that. Those soft pink cheeks and soft red lips, the white brow and beautifully shadowed eyes were all unnatural, you know, for she was old, shockingly old. No woman in the Bay but could see that, whatever the men might think. And her frocks, so gay and foolishly youthful, and that red rose under the narrow brim of her hat, against her shining black hair! Oh, plainly she was after no good.

And she gave no satisfactory reason for living out of the village. There was plenty of room in the settlement, where the bush is cleared away and one can talk over the fence to one's neighbour. But no, she must needs live past the very end of the village, up a winding track that led into the uncut bush and round a sudden corner to the edge of the sea.

Here on that lonely promontory she had her tiny cottage built, two little rooms as gay as her dress. The trees grew all round it—she would not have them cut down—and a narrow creek, which she had to bridge, shut her off from the track. Like everybody else, she had to fence her bit of ground to keep out wandering cattle, and at her end of the narrow bridge was a wooden gate; otherwise the place was absurdly different from the plain cottages of the Bay. Its roof was painted red, its curtains were red and up its walls grew masses of red geranium. Other flowers bloomed around the cottage, and there was a little vegetable patch down the northern slope; for the rest, the bush held sway. Tuis sang on her roof, bell-birds dropped honey-rifled rata blossoms on her very doorstep.

Yet she never seemed to mind the solitude, never would admit that the morepork's hoot and the monotonous surge of the sea were melancholy music for a lone woman through the long winter nights. Well, was she alone? Goodness knows what she had been, or what she was now, in fact!

She came jauntily into the Bay for stores and the weekly mail, as self-possessed as if there was nothing

doubtful about her, as if she felt herself equal to the best. A woman like that!

At night she often played the mandoline and sang. Strolling couples heard her when the warm light glowing through her red curtains tempted them to cross the bridge and stand at the wooden gate. Once or twice curiosity prompted them to go further and knock at the door with some quickly thought-up request, just to see what company she had. Invariably, when she opened the door, no company was to be seen; nothing was there but a bright wood fire and a cat on the hearth and a canary in its cage. But the door of the second room was pretty sure to be shut . . . and would a woman sing and play to herself? The thing was not natural. Indeed, everything about her lent itself to suspicion, and the less one had to do with her the better.

All this the Bay explained to the young Englishman who had lately come. He, now, was as different as possible and was easily a favourite. He was young and careless and frank, and you knew at once all about him. He had grown tired of the monotonous business life he had to lead at home, he said, and had come out to see what New Zealand was like. Of course, his father didn't like the idea, so he had to have a bit of a dust-up with the old man before he could get away. But he couldn't help that; one could be young but once, and a man must have his fling. So here he was in New Zealand, bush-felling until the fishing season began, and enjoying life and freedom.

So he said. But even he could not always be buoyant and care-free. There must have been times when he felt loneliness and missed his own folks. Certainly it was like that when Christmas Eve came, for he walked up and down the ferny track that led from his hut to the road, up and down, up and down.

All day the Bay had been stirred with Christmas preparations. The store had been like a beehive, the mail had been unusually large—with nothing for the young Englishman—and the girls of the village had gone chattering to and fro with armfuls of bush greenery and white flowers for the church. Now the summer night was still and languid with warmth after a shower, the rising moon rippled the quiet bay with splendour, and in one

of the cottages a woman sang an old carol, heavy with memories of Home.

Up and down he walked, plainly sore with the ache that comes upon the homeless in time of festival. After all, one's own people are nearer than strangers, however much one may hate a business life. To have no one belonging to one—oh well, it was nobody's fault but his own. He had cut himself off. He couldn't expect even letters, for he had never sent his address.

There were several houses in the Bay at which he would be welcome this evening, and there was Milly, the pretty half-caste, who plainly showed her liking for him and would have delighted in his company. But no, the ache would not be stilled in that way; he would go down to that party of young fellows who were going to make a night of it. Their ways were not usually his, but better to be drunk than miserable.

So the lash of melancholy whipped him on to be gayest of the gay that night, noisiest of the noisy. At midnight, when the party made the round of the Bay to sing at every house where lived a grown-up girl, he was as gloriously drunk as anybody else, and when someone suggested that they should serenade the Frenchwoman, he assented hilariously.

Arm in arm for steadiness, they rolled up the winding track. They crowded on the little bridge and in at the wooden gate, and sang "Annie Laurie" from beginning to end. Through the still night air the score of voices, young and full and enriched by the Maori element among them, produced a wonderfully good effect. Whether the Frenchwoman discerned the mockery and the drunkenness it was impossible to tell. She gave no sign.

Back down the winding track the singers rolled, chanting and happy, and too muddled to notice that the young Englishman was left behind. He had been the first to pass over the narrow bridge and the last to return. The end plank was slippery with the rain, and there he slid, falling sideways on the bank of the creek and striking his head against a sharp-edged buttress of the bridge.

He lay in a stupor through the night, but when morning roused him with its coldness he tried to rise. An agony of pain in his ankle drove him down again,

groaning and coughing. Something thick and horrible clogged his eyes so that he could not see, and his head went round and round. So he related afterwards.

He lay groaning, till by-and-by the Frenchwoman heard him and came out to investigate. She seemed to take in his state at a glance. His face was covered with blood from the wound in his head, his clothes were wet and muddy, and he swore stupidly when she tried to move him; but somehow she raised him, speaking to him gently; somehow, helping him with all her strength, she led him across the bridge and into her cottage.

To her couch she guided him, and there he lay while she bathed and bandaged his head and his twisted foot. She gave him some refreshing drink that tasted of lemons, she cushioned his foot on a chair at the end of her short little couch, she covered him with a rug and slipped a cool white pillow under his aching head. He sank into a heavy sleep.

When he woke, the afternoon sun was shining into the room. He gazed round, bewildered; but remembrance came at the sight of a woman sewing by the open window. So this was the Frenchwoman! Why, she was beautiful! How could they call her old? That rich soft colour in her cheek . . . but that was paint, they said. He looked intently. Yes, undoubtedly it was paint. It was too flawless to be natural.

He stirred. She looked up from her work, and the mischief began, for there was a glad, kind look in her eyes that struck on the friendlessness and left him without defence. That was certainly how it began.

"You feel better?" she asked. Her voice had a clear birdlike quality.

"Much better," he replied. "You've been a good Samaritan to me. Now I must go home."

He raised himself and came in sight of his bandaged foot. "I can manage with a stick, if you could find me one," he began, but he fell back dizzy with the sudden pain in his head.

"That cut, it is serious, and there is no doctor in the Bay," she said. "You must stay here and I will attend to it."

She raised a lid at the stove, and a delicious smell of

coffee filled the room. She fed him and, in spite of his protests, persuaded him to lie still. He dozed again.

The couch was too short for him, she told him later. He must sleep in her bed, which was much longer. She herself would be perfectly comfortable on the couch. Again she overruled his objections, taking advantage of his helplessness, supporting him into the little white bedroom and there leaving him.

So the young Englishman was missing from the Bay for the next few days. He lay in the bedroom at the cottage, nursed by the Frenchwoman as if she were his mother—or rather his sister, as the foolish fellow would say, refusing to speak of her as old, though the paint must by now have been unmistakable even to him. She knew how to nurse, he said, and she had pretty ways, dear kind ways, and her talk was of the bush and the sea and the songs of the birds. How could she be bad when she thought as she did of these things? He ignored all the warnings of the Bay, falling each day more deeply into her toils.

When he was able to limp back to his hut, refusing to burden her any longer, she still mothered him, cooking meals and carrying them to him, bringing her cheerful chatter and beguiling smiles into his lonely hut. There was really much excuse for him, she was so persistent, and a sick man is liable to be weak in judgment as in muscle.

The Bay was horrified. "He's in her clutches," said the men. "He won't hear a word against her. Says she took him in and nursed him when most women would have screamed at the sight of him, drunk and blood-stained as he was."

"As for that, she knew what she was about," replied the women; and the girls thought, though they did not say it aloud: "So young and so good-looking, and infatuated with that old thing!"

Infatuated he plainly was. He made no attempt to disguise the shameful fact, walking home with the Frenchwoman as soon as his ankle would allow him, passing through the settlement with no eyes for anyone but her. Tongues wagged fast behind them. "She's got him," said everybody; and Milly, the pretty half-caste, slipped angry-eyed through the bush to a spot where

she could overlook, and overheard all that took place in the little flowery space of the Frenchwoman's front door.

There she saw the wiles of that creature, for the Frenchwoman was catching her breath and turning away from the pleading face of the young Englishman. "No, no, no," she was saying. "You are too young. I am too old. Can't you see? I am nearly fifty."

"Age makes no difference," he said in his folly. "I want you." Milly, in her hiding-place, ground her teeth.

"It is but a little feeling for to-day," the Frenchwoman went on. "It is that you are grateful. I was there to help you when you needed help. There is no more."

"There is much more," he told her. "There is love. It is not for to-day only, but for all our days."

She turned slowly and looked long at him. "Wait!" she said. "You have not really seen me yet. Come again to-morrow after you have been to the store. Then we can decide."

So the next day he was there again, and Milly was again in her hiding-place.

The Frenchwoman opened the door and stepped out boldly, shamelessly into the daylight. No rich colour on her cheeks, no shaded eyebrows, no softening of tinted powder over brow and throat! Her skin was sallow, finely lined, showing plainly her age. She turned her face up to the clear morning and stood still.

"You see," she said, but her mouth trembled as she spoke.

For a long moment he looked at her. Then he stooped and kissed that trembling mouth. "It makes no difference," he said—the poor deluded youth. "Your eyes are still glad and kind, and I love you for what you are in yourself."

"I shall be quite old soon," she persisted, "and you will still be young. This feeling of yours . . . oh, it cannot last."

He laughed. "Don't fight so hard against happiness, yours and mine," he said. "You can't frighten me off, so why not make the best of me? I shall grow up some day."

He drew her down to the seat of twisted wood beside the door. "Tell me why you paint," he said.

At that she laughed a little, half frowning, too. "I have used it all my life," she said, "ever since I went to sing

and dance in my first little theatre. It has been always the theatre with me: in Paris and New York and Australia and New Zealand. Cities and cities and cities, till I am tired of them. They speak strangely of me in the Bay, I know. But the little paint and powder, they are harmless; just a habit, just to try to make myself pretty like the flowers. I came here . . . there was Pierre, my husband . . . his was a cruelty I could bear no longer . . . I saved, I ran away and built this little house and hid myself here among the bush and the birds. They sent word that he had died, but I love my quiet here, I who am so weary of the cities. Here I am happy, but the people are not kind to me. What is my life to them?"

"The people are fools," he said. "Wear your paint and powder always. I like them on you." Yes, he said that.

So after a little those two were married: she nearly fifty, on her own admission, and he only twenty-eight. "A fine young fellow wasted," as the whole Bay said.

They lived in her little cottage, and he fished. In summer evenings they were often seen rowing about the Bay, or sitting on the platform of the boathouse he built at the foot of the promontory, or walking arm-in-arm along the fern-fringed corduroy tracks that led into the bush. On winter nights she played on her mandoline and sang to him in her birdlike voice. And always they wore the air of two absurdly happy children, engrossed in each other and careless of the whole wide world, the Bay included. "It can't last. He must grow tired," everybody said. Yet for fifteen years it lasted.

Then it became known that the Frenchwoman was ill. A doctor was sent for and came in the Mission boat on Sunday. She was dying, it was rumoured. "We knew long ago that she was old. He will soon be a widower," said the Bay, and one after another they slipped up to the cottage to offer such help as they might to the dying woman; for they had hearts.

The Englishman knelt beside the bed, his head bowed over her helpless hands.

"It is fifteen years," she whispered weakly. "Have I been too old?"

"Your sweet ways . . ." he answered brokenly.

"Young, always young. . . . How can I go on without you?"

A few days later she died. "He is free and in his prime. He can marry someone suitable and begin again," said the Bay.

But he did not seem inclined to begin again. He mooned about in a lost sort of way, as if all zest had gone from life. No one was allowed to come into the cottage after the funeral, nor to touch the Frenchwoman's things. "I can do all there is to be done," he said gruffly. Peeping through the window, one saw him lay his face against the needlework his wife had laid aside when her illness came upon her. At night he wandered up and down the track, dreary and unapproachable, or lay on the little couch with his face flung upon his arms.

At last it seemed that he could bear the place no longer. Leaving all her things within as they had been, he boarded up the windows, locked the doors and nailed the wooden gate, then wandered out across the world to seek forgetfulness.

"There's infatuation for you!" explains the Bay, when the tale of the shut-up house is told to a stranger. "He seemed quite lost without her, as if something in his life had snapped. And she so old, and painted, too!"

Dame Ethel Smyth

By Robert H. Hull

AMONG the more irrational features prominent in musical criticism of a certain kind is the employment of a concessive standard of values in estimating the achievements of a woman composer. The tradition owes its origin, presumably, to a distorted instinct of chivalry; none the less, the compliment thus implied to the artist is of the poorest. In what aims to be an impartial approach to the work of Dame Ethel Smyth, it is manifest that this traditional but mistaken consideration towards composers of her sex holds no logical position. If her music is fairly to be judged, it admits of assessment only according to its conveyed merits. It is permissible to admire the courage with which the composer has won for herself a hearing. To criticize her music according to a tempered standard would argue an ill-judgment, and an impertinence, for which no justification exists. It is as a composer, and only incidentally as a woman composer, that Ethel Smyth commands our attention.

Possibly this means of approach involves the disregard of certain psychological factors distinguishing the relation of femininity to musical invention. Yet the predominance of virile characteristics in the work of Ethel Smyth considerably minimizes such a risk. She has to her credit music whose eloquence is contemplative; but her individuality is represented more generally by compositions of blunt address. This sturdy and forthright music finds a counterpart, to some extent, in the uncompromising diction of Ethel Smyth's admirable essays. Directness of utterance is, supremely, a notable quality of her expressive powers.

Ethel Smyth, the daughter of General J. H. Smyth, was born in London in 1858. In her determination to follow a musical career, she manifested, at an early age, that independence of spirit which has always been among the composer's most famous characteristics. During the 'seventies, the opportunities to enjoy a course of musical study in England were not so readily comparable, as they now are, to the field offered to students of the art

in Germany. Accordingly, it was to Leipsic Conservatorium that Ethel Smyth went in 1877. Her connection with that centre was of brief duration, though, upon the mind of one eagerly impressionable to all that was artistically vital, the lasting value of the experience left its mark. At the Conservatorium, and, later, under the direction of Heinrich von Herzogenberg, she made it her business to master with remarkable thoroughness the technical details germane to her craft. The confidence governing the use which she has made of this equipment is one of the features ensuring the peculiar force and striking address of her finest utterances. Some years were to elapse before any of Ethel Smyth's music received a public performance. In 1884, a Quintet for Strings was heard at Leipsic, and the success of the work on that occasion convinced discriminating hearers that the composer's individuality held promise of exalted achievement when maturity should be reached. This promise was consolidated by a Sonata for Violin and Piano, played at Leipsic, in 1887.

The nature of these two works demands some comment, especially in view of the mistaken supposition, still widely prevailing, that the composer has never succeeded in freeing herself from a strong Teutonic bias in musical expression. It is true that the Quintet for Strings, the Violin Sonata, and certain other early works reflect very acutely the concern which Ethel Smyth displayed as a partisan of Brahms in the fight against the Wagnerian cause. The circumstances of the battle are likely to hold little attraction for the present generation, in whose view the *raison d'être* for such warfare can, at the best, yield only a mild historical interest. But the controversy has a direct bearing upon Ethel Smyth's music, inasmuch as it provides the explanation of the dual nature of her art. Part of it, including the works referred to above, inclines so completely towards the example of Brahms that the real individuality of the composer is insufficiently presented. The element of Brahms visible in her early music helps to account for its ready reception in Germany, and the less ready, though far from indifferent, treatment accorded to it in England, where the issues of the Brahms-Wagner dispute were less a matter for violent partisanship. The factor of para-

mount significance in the history of this composer's work is that, once liberated from her self-imposed shackles as a Brahmsian disputant, she found that she had much to say, musically, on her own account; and it is this music—as seen, to take two obvious examples, in "The Wreckers" and "The Boatswain's Mate"—which exhibits the true worth and independence of her thought.

Ethel Smyth's efforts to obtain a hearing in England have been represented, in some quarters, as a continuous struggle against vested interests. Her path has not been easy; but she has, at least, the consolation that the chronicle of English performances to her credit does not suggest much harsher treatment in this respect than has fallen to the lot of other British composers of her stature. The "Serenade in D," an orchestral work in four movements, was played at the Crystal Palace in 1890. Later in the same year, the Overture "Antony and Cleopatra" was produced, being repeated at a Henschel Concert in 1892. Both compositions mark an advance upon the music of the earliest period. Ethel Smyth was now beginning to express in greater measure the authority in construction and usage of material inseparable from the mature writings upon which her reputation is justly founded. The future direction was pointed beyond possibility of mistake when, in 1893, Barnby conducted her "Mass in D" at the Albert Hall, and the occasion was the means of establishing her, historically, in the position of a composer with reasonable claims to eminence.

The courage and staying power essential to the proper composition of a work of such magnitude as the "Mass in D" are qualities demanding respect. In this instance, the art may be said to have been pursued mostly for its own sake, since, at the time of writing, there was little promise of immediate performance. The admiration which the composer's enterprise commands may be extended very largely to the substance of the Mass. Though of unequal value, and occasionally cumbersome, the music is conspicuous for breadth of conception, a predominant virility, and an astonishing control of the forces employed. In the choral writing, as in the orchestration, there is a certainty of touch and sureness of effect which mitigate, to a considerable extent, the occa-

sional passages in which enthusiasm exceeds invention. There are moments of outstanding beauty, notably in the "Incarnatus" and "Sanctus," while in other portions the work hardly falls short of the standard illustrated in these movements. The "Mass in D," remarkable for its music and its contribution to history, provides an example where undue neglect by conductors may justifiably be urged. After the performance under Barnby, in 1893, it was not heard again in England until 1924. This course of treatment cannot be described as creditable.

It is on account of her operatic achievements that, as a composer, Ethel Smyth is primarily known. "Der Wald," a one-act opera, was first performed in Dresden, in 1901, being subsequently produced, with unequivocal success, at Covent Garden during the following year, and again in 1903, both in New York and London. This opera is admirably fashioned, possessing merits which entitle its inclusion within the repertory. Its eloquence lies in a fragrant beauty and tranquil charm of uncommon distinction. The inventive power is consistently free from those occasional lapses into monotony which elsewhere are apt to show as a weakness. Ethel Smyth's knowledge of stage effect ensures the presentation of the material to the best advantage, and the German libretto, written by the composer, is of a quality displaying, among other virtues, a marked gift for characterization.

"The Wreckers," a three-act opera, first produced at Leipsic in 1906, has been described as Ethel Smyth's crowning achievement, and the definition is just. It is a work of extraordinary vigour and grim power, with an address to the emotions unequalled in anything else written by the composer. The story with which the libretto by H. B. Leforestier is concerned is now well known. It is enough to say, within present limits, that Ethel Smyth has realized magnificently the potentialities offered by this theme of intense tragedy. The musical substance is always compelling, the design exhibits remarkable skill, and the composer's dramatic sense in the handling of climax amounts to genius. Harmonically, there is much which is both novel and daring. Throughout the opera one can trace a mastery of orchestration

and profound feeling for apt vocal treatment. The style reveals the individual talent of the composer at its strongest. Indeed, "The Wreckers" is, quite literally, a fair example of great art.

Ethel Smyth's activities in urging the extension of the franchise to women proved the direct means of advancing public acquaintance with her music, much of which was performed at concerts while the campaign was in progress. For this campaign, she wrote a "March of the Women," afterwards employing its main theme in the Overture to "The Boatswain's Mate." Musically, the march has little to commend it, though possibly, from the composer's point of view, circumstances may have demanded its production, notwithstanding artistic reasons to the contrary. Her other music heard at this time is distinctly more worthy of comment. These works include the String Quartet in E Minor, the songs "La Danse," "Chrysilla" and "Anacreontic Ode," and two brief choral settings, "Sleepless Dreams" and "Hey Nonny No."

Constructive excellence, which is a particular feature of Ethel Smyth's chamber music, is found to great advantage in the String Quartet. It is well wrought and attractive throughout, but the finest substance is contained in the slow movement, which is governed by a thoughtful and poetical spirit of unusual beauty. The "Anacreontic Ode" reflects something of the boldness of "The Wreckers," while "Chrysilla" is redolent of the composer's most tranquil and charming mood. A similar vein runs through "Sleepless Dreams." "Hey Nonny No" is built more spaciously. It is grimly conceived, close packed in thought, and illustrates the certainty of effect which the composer's technique generally ensures. The writing is not only remarkably spontaneous, but also happily convincing in its response to the intentions of the poet.

"The Boatswain's Mate" was produced by Sir Thomas Beecham at the Shaftesbury Theatre in 1916, the libretto being founded by the composer upon the narrative of W. W. Jacobs. Ethel Smyth has created light-hearted music, exhibiting all the enthusiasm and atmosphere of forceful humour which the theme demands, without neglecting the exigencies of qualities

whose purpose belongs to stricter art. In result the delights of this opera lose nothing of their freshness upon closer acquaintance, which factor is due almost as much to brilliant characterization and sense of dramatic effect as to the spirited music in support of these features.

Two operas, each in one act, belong to more recent years. "Fête Galante," originally produced at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in 1923, marks a reversion to the mood prevailing in "Der Wald," although it profits from a development in the composer's harmonic style, and reveals afresh a capacity for sensitive treatment. "Entente Cordiale," first performed publicly at Bristol in 1926, is of a farcical character. It hardly extends beyond the ground more admirably covered in "The Boatswain's Mate," despite a vigour and an emphatic humour which are amusing, with certain limits. The Concerto for violin, horn, and orchestra (1927) shows excellent workmanship, together with felicitous invention, and possesses undoubted claims to regular hearing at orchestral concerts.

"The Wreckers" is probably Ethel Smyth's finest achievement. Her essential art is also visible in the most exalted pages of the Mass, together with "Der Wald" and "The Boatswain's Mate," while the vitality of such writings as "Hey Nonny No" is clear beyond question. The value of her chamber music belongs more to individual movements than to entire works. Viewed comprehensively, Ethel Smyth's genius, by reason of its power and sincerity, contributes strikingly to the music of our time.

Indecision

By Ellen Burgess

"Excuse me, but is your knitting wool reduced during the sale?"

"No, madam; sorry," replied the assistant briskly.

"Thank you," said Miss Evans humbly—too humbly, but she felt guilty. She knew the wool was not reduced in price; in fact, she had seen a ticket to that effect on the counter; but she did want a reason for lingering in the warm, lighted shop, and she did not want to spend any money. You could not wander about the various departments indefinitely without buying something—or pretending to. This quest of wool made an excuse for loitering among the "fancy goods," where it was so quiet and cosy, and where there was less risk of a shopwalker swooping down, with offers to direct you here or there.

Miss Evans was of uncertain age and uncertain mind. To tell the truth, indecision was rapidly becoming her watchword. She did not know what to do or where to go.

She had come out because it was cold and comfortless in her lodging, and she could not afford the shillings which her gas meter swallowed with the rapacity of an ogre. It was too bleak to walk about the windy streets, far too chilly to think of sitting in Kensington Gardens. The large stores held warmth, light, and a certain amount of amusement; but it was not wise to haunt them too persistently without buying. Already she fancied the "young lady" at the wool counter eyed her suspiciously; perhaps it was only her imagination, but she had better move on. Bother! There was the shopwalker approaching. It was too late to avoid him. He was bending over her from his superior height, and inquiring "Which department, madam?"

Flustered and taken aback, she murmured "Gloves, please."

"This way." He swung about, and she trotted meekly after him. He spun a chair round, and she seated herself upon it.

"Gloves forward," he commanded, and an assistant hurried to do his bidding.

"Yes, moddom, what style of glove, kid, suede, fabric? What size?"

"Six," said Miss Evans, relieved to see the shopwalker had disappeared.

"Kid, and four buttons." How lucky she had remembered that four buttons were out of fashion!

"We have nothing of that sort," said the assistant contemptuously. "Haven't stocked them for a long time. Pull on, or one button."

"I must have four," said the customer doggedly.

"I'm afraid you won't get them anywhere. Sign!"

Oh, heavens! Here was the shopwalker returning!

"Never mind, I can't wait," she exclaimed, hastily slipping off the chair. "I have an appointment." She hurried away, while the girl jerked the cover on to the number six box, and slammed it back on the shelf.

"Now where can I go?" debated Miss Evans. If only that appointment had been a real one, how glad she would have been! What could she do?

She found herself swept along with the crowd, and urged towards the door. She had better go out. She was out, on the pavement, and how cold and cheerless it was. Which way should she walk, right or left! Perhaps she had better cross the road. She halted on the kerb. But what was the use of crossing? Oh, dear, the policeman had seen her, he was holding up the traffic . . . then she must cross. She fled over, a drab little body, commonplace and shabby.

Now what could she do? Impatient passers-by on business bent jostled her here and there. Why couldn't she make up her mind? She was blocking the way. Should she get into a 'bus? But that was a waste of money. . . . She moved slowly along, and found herself at one of the gates leading into the Gardens. She might seek a sheltered path where she could watch the babies in their perambulators, and envy the young nurses, so consequential in their smart uniforms. They were all walking with an object, they did not have to ponder over the next step. She paced along, conscious

of her threadbare coat, and the cheap fur, curled like a fried whiting round her neck.

"I must conquer this weakness," she thought. "It is growing upon me, I cannot make up my mind about *anything*. Whether to have my egg boiled or poached for supper, or to turn my gas stove on or off, or to wear my blue or black skirt. . . . It is dreadful, and so fatiguing; all the day seems spent in debating these points. I need occupation. If I were of a different class, I would gladly go out charing, but my parents would not have approved, and one must not lower one's caste." . . . She wondered what the time was; should she go back to her room, or should she buy a bun and eat it in the Natural History Museum? But that meant a long walk; and she had been there lately. She knew that magnified fly in the glass case so well, and all the knobs in the skeletons' spines. She was sick of animals' anatomy. It was curious how bored you could be in London. With the exception of her landlady, who was a grim and common woman, she did not know a soul. Sometimes days elapsed without her exchanging a word with anyone, unless it were with cats at area railings, and you could hardly call that conversation. . . . She wondered for the hundredth time if it would be wiser to leave London, to go to some seaside resort; but, then, she was so shabby, London was the best place for "shabby genteels," no one took any notice of them. . . . It was lunch time, and there was nothing at home but a sardine or two. Sardines were so unappetising on a cold day, and she was quite out of butter. She would have to buy some, therefore she might as well have a roll and coffee in a shop. It would save using the gas stove, too. . . . That was something settled, anyhow!

She retraced her steps to the stores, and wandered to a lift. A smart girl attendant, dressed in imitation of a cavalry officer, sent the cage soaring, while she chanted monotonously "Second floor, coats, costumes, rubber goods. Third floor, ladies' underwear, toys, shoes, millinery. Fourth floor, hairdressing, trunks, restaurant——"

"Yes, I want the restaurant," said Miss Evans suddenly, waking as from a trance, and she stepped out and

followed where a rattle of china and an atmosphere of food led.

Which table should she choose? She proposed to spend some time here, so she might as well be comfortable. This one—no, it was draughty here; the small one in the corner? But if she took a table for two, there might be a chance of chatting with another customer. She hovered uncertainly, and a manageress solved the problem by pulling out a chair and saying: "This way, madam," in a firm tone.

Miss Evans sat down and glanced round with satisfaction as she drew off her darned gloves. She studied the menu at length, though she was obliged to eschew all the tempting dishes for financial reasons.

"I will have a cup of coffee and a roll and butter, please." Thank goodness that needed no debate!

The waitress scribbled down the small order negligently, swept away the cutlery laid for more satisfactory patrons, and in a trice dumped the very light luncheon in its place.

Miss Evans eyed her repast. The coffee was hot and fragrant, but the roll was small, and the pat of butter so thin that you could see the plate through it. Still, warmth was included, and a comfortable wicker chair, and she would spin out the meal to its utmost limit.

Ah! A lady was approaching. She hoped she would sit at her table. She did. She was not troubled by indecision. She deposited a handful of parcels on a vacant chair, threw open her heavy fur coat, and adjusted her pince-nez.

"May I pass you the menu?" said Miss Evans, seizing the opportunity. The other nodded ungraciously. She was a large, well-nourished woman, but she evidently considered that she required sustaining, for in a loud voice she demanded cutlets, tomato sauce, and two vegetables.

Miss Evans' mouth watered. She still had half her roll left. The large lady produced a bundle of bills from her handbag, and began to make notes, adding up the items on plump, be-ringed fingers.

Miss Evans put forth a feeler. "It's nice and warm in here, isn't it?"

"Pardon?" said her neighbour, looking over the top of her pince-nez.

"I only remarked it was warm in here," repeated Miss Evans modestly.

"Yes," said the lady, and returned to her bills.

"Shopping always makes one hungry," volunteered Miss Evans cheerfully. "These restaurants are really very convenient."

"Pardon? Oh, yes, quite so." The stranger was not interested; Miss Evans subsided.

Her cup was dry, every crumb had vanished. She could not for very shame stay and watch her opulent *vis-à-vis* feed. She took a long time putting on her gloves and fastening the whiting round her neck. This interlude was ended, and now once more there arose the distressing question of what to do next?

She could walk downstairs instead of taking the lift; that would dispose of a few minutes, and she could pretend to examine the pictures and ornaments with which the landings were decorated; but you could not finger and price the things for ever. All too soon she found herself back on the ground floor, then in the street again.

Oh, dear, dear, what now?

She supposed she must walk towards Knightsbridge for a bit.

She felt tired and depressed. Life seemed to offer nothing but this dull repetition of uneventful days. It was sad to have outlived one's family, and to be of no account in the world. Tears filled her eyes. What she really needed was work, or a change. Work was out of the question, unfortunately she was one of the type labelled "unskilled"; and she was too shabby to undertake vague jobs of darning, the care of plants, or exercising dogs. She could not even fall back upon the poor. Charity meant money, and she was almost in need of charity herself.

. . . Yes, a change would be the thing. If she could travel by excursion train to the coast and find a very cheap lodging. Sometimes she felt bewildered by the roar and clang of London traffic, and yet her back street was so deadly dull; nothing to be seen there except a dustcart

or the milkman. Yes, now where was she? Bother! She must cross to the other side again.

She stood dreaming on the kerb, then roused herself, and started.

What a stream of 'buses, they were like juggernauts bearing down upon her! There wasn't time to get over—yes, there was—no, she had better go back . . . Ah! . . .

. . . . . .

When Miss Evans "came to," she found herself in hospital in a neat bed shielded by a screen, and with a nurse regarding her gravely.

She remembered . . . juggernauts, 'buses . . . crossing the road, she had been knocked down, of course, but she did not feel any pain. . . . Well, it was nice to be cared for, to have things arranged for you.

She smiled feebly. "Am I much injured, nurse?" she whispered. It was an effort to speak.

"Yes," said the nurse, and because she was young and new to the work, her face was sad.

"Better tell her the truth if she regains consciousness," the doctor had said.

"Am I dying?" asked the patient, wonderingly.

The nurse nodded without speaking.

"Well, that's something settled," thought Miss Evans. "Anyhow, it will be a change." And she closed her eyes —and crossed to the other side.

Tenement

By Horace Shipp

ONCE Wonder dwelt here, child-wise and joyous, watching
Through the five windows, through the open door;
Saw all the pageant of life pass by, nor heeded
The spiders, dim in the cornice, the sharp-toothed beetles under the floor.

Once Beauty, and the light through the windows blossomed,
Gleamed like the rose of the world, like a lotus flower;
Till the air grew bright as a song, as a rainbow springing,
And even the shadows took fire, pearl-pale in that transient hour.

Once Faith moved here, clean-browed, with arms strong to accomplish,
With the world as a field of conquest, and a swift sword at his side;
Went from the threshold glad, but crept back weary and broken
With a rusted sword to his hand. Ah, but Faith died, Faith died.

And Cynic Thought stayed on at the fireside, mumbling,
Huddled away from the light, grey-garbed in the gloom;
And all that stirred was the bloated and sated spiders,
And the busy jaws of the beetles crunching under the room.

Deep the coagulate dust darkened the windows; beyond them
Day dawned gold for fulfilment, nights waxed azure for peace;
Here the untenanted silence, save for a sound in the wainscot
Of the keen, unheeded spoilers whose travails never cease.

Is this the end predestined: this unrecorded decaying,
These cast-off rags of life, silence and gathering gloom?
Hush! For again in the rusted lock comes a key turning,
A footstep sounds, light gleams, and the door opens—for Whom?

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Vulgarizing The North Pole.

"I see," said Heddle, "they're arranging pleasure voyages to the North Pole."

"Go on," replied Sergeant Murphy. "I wondher what them divils of tourist angels will be up to next."

"They'll get plenty to go there," continued Heddle. "Novelty and what not."

"They will," said the Sergeant. "It'll be on all the hoardin's. Personally conducted thrips be boat, aeroplane, parachute and—I suppose—dog to the North Pole. The more's the pity."

"You don't mean to say, Sar'nt, you object to people goin' off to wild parts?"

"Is it me? Why there's a lot of fellahs I'd pay the fare of to go off there now. I'm all for adventure and great open spaces. Let me catch sight of a book called 'Into Unknown This' or 'Through Thrackless That' and I'm up the ladder and snatchin' it off the shelf before the librarian can lay a finger on me. . . . Why, I've been frozen to the marrah on the Siberian wastes, broiled to the marrah in the Sahara, and something-elsed—also to the marrah—in the Runn of Kutch, though the divil take me if I know now where Kutch is or why it was runnin'. And all in books. So you see I'm not like wan of them stay-at-homes that kiss their wives good-bye—thereby justly arousin' the ladies' suspicions—when they start off on a fourpenny bus-ride. All the same, I'm agen the virgin purity of the snowy North bein' thrampled into mush be the hobnailed boots of tourists. In the first place, what a menace to a quiet life the fellahs will be that first make the thrip! They'll swank like blazes about the wondherful time they've had feedin' on igloos and kayaks and things like that that chaps like meself only hear of in crossword puzzles. And then, 'You chaps talk about the girls you met on Margate Pier. You ought to see the belles of the North. Why, there was wan named Kantilever, which means Flat-Nosed Fanny, who could beat Tallulah Bankhead and Sophie Tucker done in a piece. And the day I came away she was blubberin'.' You know the sort of stuff.

"But the worst throuble will arise at the Pole itself. You'll have pethrol stations, hot dog stands, North Pole rock with the name goin' right through and, likely, Ye Old English Arctic Tea Shop defacin' the snowy wilderness. The thrail between the North Pole and the Magnetic Pole—a favourite walk for lovers—will be marked out with bottles, ham bones, paper cartons and sheets of greasy paper. Epstein, the sculptor, will be engaged to do a stone statue of Me Lady of the Snows, and he'll post on a figure that'll be shaped like a meringue standin' to attention. And wan of them blinkin' joint-stock banks will set up a branch at every corner and invite us to open a small account. As if annybody, barrin' a heavy-weight boxer, could open a large wan nowadays. Then, remember, Heddle, that if you make the North Pole popular, wan of the last refugees of the poor divil that's been crossed in love will be desthroyed for ever.

"You know the chap that, when his Susie tells him she loves another, dhrags anny old hat off the rack and goes out into the night. Accordin' to most of the books I read, he always makes for a place like the Arctic Circle, where he'll be too busy keepin' himself from becomin' a human icicle to bother about girls, though now and then a seal pushin' his great face through the ice will remind him of his lost love.

"Now, how can a fellah like that wallow comfortably in his grief when anny day a tourist in Arctic plus-fours may recognize him and ask him if his Aunt Lena is still sufferin' from lumbago? There ought to be a law to protect him.

"So, summin' it all up, I think it's a task for the League of Nations to put a stop to those tourist thrips to the Frozen North and divert them to Blackpool, which can do with them. Why, if it were only to protect the whale and the rapidly diminishin' supply of performin' seals, the job 'ud be worth the doin'."

"There'll be no keeping back tourists, whatever you say," remarked Heddle.

"Maybe not," sighed the Sergeant. "But if them Esquimaux have anny sense they'll be busy now sthroppin' their harpoons to welcome the sthrangers in their gates."

Old Favourites and Newcomers

By Horace Shipp

The Beaux Stratagem. By Farquhar. (Royalty Theatre.)
Prunella. By H. Granville Barker and Laurence Housman. (Everyman Theatre.)
Dance with No Music. By Rodney Ackland. (Arts Theatre, Transferred to "Q.")

THE theatre, as I write, is suffering from the jaded August feeling. I never know exactly why this should be so, for London appears to be crowded, and crowded particularly with foreign and provincial visitors who would, one imagines, be the most likely purchasers of theatre seats. Probably this idea of the August slump, the refusal to put on any new work, and the acceptance of the theory that London is empty after Ascot Races, is one of those queer fallacies in face of all the evidence of fact which constitute so large a part of our so-called thinking. The theatres which are open are doing excellent business, if the evidence of one's eyes may be taken; and in August, as in any other month, the truth remains that if a theatre is supplying its potential patrons with a production genuinely worth their time and money, that theatre will be sufficiently near the "House Full" mark to justify its being open. However, the conviction is abroad that "nobody is in town" during August; so we dig up most of our show streets, close half our theatres, and generally indicate how little we welcome the city's summer guests or need their money. Perhaps some day we shall realize that London is one of the show cities of the world, and set out to attract foreign and provincial visitors during their holidays in the way that, let us say, Munich does.

Accepting the situation as it is, whether its cause be actual or merely psychological depression, this hiatus usually brings us a certain number of interesting revivals; and this year at the forefront of these we have the fascinating production of *The Beaux Stratagem*, with the inimitable Edith Evans as Mrs. Sullen and Miles Malleson as Scrub. These two must needs be mentioned because the play is theirs. They conceive their parts in terms of pure theatre as Restoration Drama should be played. As a consequence, every other person on the stage, even Godfrey Tearle or Cherry Cottrell playing in the most correct musical comedy tradition,

fades into a pallid naturalism. Yet when one looks at the play, the parts are extremely well balanced; it is no occasion for a star performance. The part of Scrub, both in quantity and quality, has little in it, and only a hint of the exquisite fooling which Miles Malleson brings to bear upon it. And Mrs. Sullen could be rather tame fun save that Edith Evans has the wittiest intonation of any actress of our generation. So we welcome the play as an actors' triumph; and feel certain that the audience back home in remote corners of the provinces, of America or the colonies will remember this London theatre visit because of these two players.

Again a revival and again an actor holding the whole play with a definitely stylized performance: *Prunella* at the Everyman. There was a time when this piece bade fair to be first favourite in poetic drama; but, truth to confess, it wears a little thin with the years. It needs a much greater degree of artificiality than Muriel Pratt gave to its production, needs, indeed, Granville Barker's own hand. Ernest Milton alone took us off the earth to those realms of air and fantasy where *Prunella* and probability are one. His personality, which can never be disguised any more than that of Edith Evans can, surprisingly fitted the part. True it was his Hamlet, his Pirandello's Henry IVth, his everything else which has suited his intensely individual technique; but then Pierrot as he walks through this play *is* these things. A shade too languorous? Ernest Milton is invariably that shade too languorous in voice and movement, but his acting is conceived in terms of art rather than of life, and this makes for understanding in such a play as *Prunella*. Joan Harben's Prunella was human-all-too-human. It was a charmingly real girl who had nothing whatever to do with this world of fantasia. The rest of the cast were equally out of the picture, with no compensation in charm nor humanity. Prunella demands a tremendous amount from production, and this revival did not get it. Crude colours and bad lighting and raucous voices are not the stuff that dreams are made of. There may have been economic difficulties, but this is only to say that it should not have been attempted, save by a producer who could create silk purses from sow's ears.

Apart from its opportunities for revivals of old favourites, this convention of the slack season occasionally helps the new dramatist as well as the classics. The Press, which in the normal running of theatrical affairs is asked to deal with one, if not more, new productions everyday, finds itself called upon to criticize about one production per week, and in consequence a newcomer receives generous attention. Such was the fate of Rodney Ackland's *Dance with No Music*. Mr. Ackland is a kind of infant prodigy of the theatre world. He has had two plays produced this year, and the first of them, "Improper People," has been published by Heinemann's.* An actor himself, his work has a feeling for the stage which might well be the envy of much older hands in dramatic writing, and his dialogue has a snap and an eye for lines guaranteed to "get over," which justifies the use of the word "clever" in its most complimentary sense. One judges, too, that he has been spared the half-life of public school and university which keeps most people of his age still in the purlieus of childhood; for his plays suggest that he knows life on those levels where four pounds a week represents affluence. *Dance with No Music* holds up the mirror to whatsoever there is left of nature in a theatrical touring company, depicting the vacillations of its leading lady between a particularly unpleasant cave-man who owns the company and her faithful adorer who can only offer her life with no music. Its drawback, in common with Mr. Ackland's earlier play, is that the people concerned (with the exception of the somewhat unconvincing Colin) are not fundamentally worth writing about. In "Improper People" this is inherent in the theme, though it vitiates our interest, and the author has given us no hint that they could ever be people proper enough to matter even though the poverty which he blames were removed. *Dance with No Music* is so good that it should have been better. It has some of the faults inevitable to the new writer—reminiscences of other men's work, looseness of construction and occasional incredibilities—but withal, the quality of which fine plays are made. In a day when the English stage needs new writers Mr. Ackland is a real hope.

* "Improper People." By Rodney Ackland. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

Books

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIR.

SOME OF THE ENGLISH. By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER. Benn. 10s. 6d.

MR. HUEFFER, returning from years of exile in France, has set himself to investigate the ways and manners of a South London suburb which he calls Romwell, and his survey, notable for its brightness and kindly understanding, has the value, without the depressing style, of a sociological document. There have been great changes of late which have brought what used to be called the "lower classes" to the front. Their new luxuries, their addiction to sport and the cinema are striking, and there is unfortunately good evidence for a "workshy" attitude. The young woman who is going to be married has a surprising display of things for her trousseau and the arts of the advertiser have induced her to take higher flights in raiment than her elders thought of. She rushes along the street to get a glimpse of the Queen, whom she evidently adores, admiration of the Royal Family being one of the few remaining strong sentiments in Romwell. Mr. Hueffer heard an excellent discourse in a church, but he concludes that religion, apart from the Roman Catholics and the Salvation Army, does not retain much hold on the Borough. Excitements of various sorts have, of course, increased. Some of the shops are splendid and the tea-shops are vastly improved. The gramophone, the wireless "loud-speaker" and the motor-cycle are well enough in their way, but they have made a great increase of noise. Mr. Hueffer notes that

> the more gorgeous a tea-house or a theatre or a dress, the more "popular" it was and the more certain to be devoted to the service of the poorest.

It is a pity that the Higher Standard of Living, of which so much has been said, finds "its greatest expression in a rage for superfluities." "Art" is a trade title, not a reality. Drunkenness has notably decreased since the war, but women drinkers are on the increase. In one establishment, observers found that they outnumbered the men. The political motto best suiting the Borough is declared to be, "Why Worry?" Mr. Hueffer did not find any lack of real patriotism, but elections, general or municipal, were marked by apathy. This is explained by "the deplorable lack of oppressers, to which may be added the equally deplorable lack of heroes." Modern publicity has reduced our great ones to ordinary figures not connected with any particular romance or heroism. The Romwell folk are among the kindliest and most charitable of any, and they pay a tribute to their Borough by staying there, wherever they

came from. They have been encouraged by "Flag Days" and Press appeals for every conceivable cause to go in for street begging themselves, and droves of small children practice an unabashed mendicancy which prepares them for the "dole" later.

Here is a populace with many good points, but it needs some better light and leading than that it has found so far. The plea of war-weariness no longer holds good. V. R.

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY. By EDGAR I. FRIPP. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

THESE studies are a welcome addition to Mr. Fripp's previous books on Shakespeare and Stratford. We notice a certain amount of repetition, but there is also new and useful material from the records. Dr. Hall is recognized as an Oxford M.A., and his remarks as churchwarden present us with "Avant thee, witch!" said by one indignant woman to another. We have more evidence that Stratford was not the uneducated place it has been called. The minister who baptized Shakespeare was also a schoolmaster who made his pupil and friend, master of the Stratford school, into a good Latin scholar. Mr. Fripp takes it for granted that Shakespeare was seven years at school. Our examination of the learning of the plays in detail does not endorse this conclusion, though we are ready to believe with him that Shakespeare read in the original and used freely the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid. Later he was, "I do not doubt, a clerk in an attorney's office." This is, of course, conjecture, and it is odd that, if so, no one remembered and noted this employment when the great dramatist returned to be a famous resident in his old town. The story of Katharine Hamlet, drowned with subsequent doubt about suicide, should be better known than it is, and raises the question, Whence did Shakespeare's son Hamnet get his name? Mr. Fripp dismisses the idea that John Shakespeare, the father, had any Catholic leanings, and shows that Lee's account is not always accurate. The essays on Jaques and Falstaff have good points, though we do not agree with them entirely. Whatever depreciation is made of Jaques, at the end he is important enough to deal out destinies to the characters. When Mr. Fripp says, "I have never witnessed a representation in the least resembling the original," he is, we presume, relying on his own conception of what Jaques should be. The latest player of the character we have seen, Sir Philip Ben Greet, struck us as quite good. For "Ducdame" we prefer the interpretation of Dr. John Sampson, that it is Romany, meaning "I tell fortunes," and it is a "Greek invocation," because a "Greek" is a sharper. We agree that too much has been made of the king's

repudiation of Falstaff, who, after all, was allowed enough to live on and even promised advancement, if he reformed.

NORTHCLIFFE: AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY. By HAMILTON FYFE. Allen and Unwin.. 16s.

MR. FYFE was for nearly 20 years the friend and employé of Lord Northcliffe, and he writes of his chief with sustained enthusiasm, bursting, indeed, often into the picturesque present tense. The whirlwind activity and the rapid decisions are fully given, and his way of browbeating the people who would stand it is not omitted. Men of spirit, as is remarked, would not suffer these indignities, but the material advantages were great. The paper bullets Northcliffe launched during the war were, perhaps, his most successful service, and a passage concerning his attitude after the war reveals his limitations:—

> He had no fixed views about anything, he did not reason anything out. In his more reflective moments he reached by sudden jumps many of the conclusions to which sane people everywhere have since come. But when he felt sore against Lloyd George, or when he was providing his newspapers with "talking-points," he seemed to be the crudest, most frenetic of Jingoes.

In fact, his private views did not square with the public expression of opinion he dictated to his newspapers. He had a gift of reaching popular conclusions, but how often, one may ask, were these right conclusions? He had no idea of consistency, not even the amount of it expected from politicians. He lived for the moment; he was blown about by every wind of opinion, and he did harm by insisting on the reproduction of his views when they were often worthless. If "Art was not in his line," why did he presume to choose the picture of the year? He interfered with a literary editor much better qualified than himself, and no one knew what line he would take on vital matters of public policy. In Kennedy-Jones he had a colleague who was highly successful and undeniably crude. We read that

> He made advertisement managers more important than editors, paid them more money, secured for them more consideration. In his position he could do no other.

Why? Especially if "his interest was in newspapers as newspapers, not as advertising sheets." As for friends, a correspondent is quoted as saying, "When you're there, he makes you think he couldn't do without you; when you aren't there, he does without you quite well." Still Mr. Fyfe shows that he could be charming and most appreciative of good work. He was sudden and extreme alike in generosity and resentment; he did not show a good temper when people offended him, as

appears from recent revelations of the taboos he ordered against Marshall Hall and the publishers of a book he found offensive. Lady Harmsworth is described in an early page as "a woman of delightfully vivid intelligence and sparkling charm," but the same page tells us, "She will see him, disappointed in his hope of a family, turn from her and solace himself in another home."

The critic's serious case against Northcliffe's ways and influence is not, however, considered in this book, which does justice to his boldness as a pioneer. The beginning of his fortune was founded on the example of Newnes, but he saw the coming importance of motor-cars and aeroplanes. Here his "stunts" were reasonable, which is more than can be said for many of them. If journalism before his time is to be derided as dull, much of the later stuff may be called rapid, vapid and ignorant.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK. By M. R. JAMES, O.M., F.S.A. Illustrated by G. E. CHAMBERS, F.S.A. Dent. 5s.

LARGE as is the literature dealing with the two "folk" counties, so distinctive in some respects among the divisions of England, there was room for this volume, in which the Provost of Eton has chiefly relied on his own notebooks filled during many wanderings. Mr. Chambers has provided scores of attractive pictures in black and white, while about two dozen excellent photogravures of fine architecture enhance the quality of the volume. The old buildings which adorn the pleasant East Anglian scenery are represented with regard for their typical character as well as their beauty. The text contains none of the flowery description that often leads strangers into disappointment when they come into an old-world district, after priming themselves from guide-books which gush after the manner so amusingly exposed by Mark Twain in his account of his tour through India. It may even be thought by some readers that at times Dr. James is almost too dry. He has certainly never allowed admiration to affect his impartiality, and he has, with rare exceptions, kept strictly to the historical, archæological, and architectural aspects of his subject. He has not allowed tradition, however popular or pleasant, to pass as history where there is reason for doubt. A good many old Suffolk people may, for example, be hurt by his refusal to accept unreservedly the current belief as to the martyrdom of Saint Edmund at Hoxne. He declines to regard the great size of so many village churches in East Anglia as evidence of a remarkable decline in population. He suggests that motives of devotion and gratitude, with perhaps "a little flavour of ostentation" now and then, dictated the dimensions

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of many a splendid fane. Incidentally, Dr. James throws a mild bomb into one of the most widely-beloved of our national stories, exploding the idea of Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Cœur-de-Lion ever being in company by the assurance that Friars were not known in England before 1221.

It is no disparagement to the author or the illustrator to say that the most surprising fact about this beautiful book is its price. When "cost of production" gives rise to any future difference between novelists and publishers arranging royalties, the "Suffolk and Norfolk" case may stand out as clearly as in the days of old that of the Duchess of Suffolk's non-relationship to her son, which so greatly vexed the soul of Uncle Toby, stood out among surprising legal decisions.

THE STANDING CROSSES OF HEREFORDSHIRE. By ALFRED WATKINS Illustrated with 142 Photographs by the Author. With a Foreword by the BISHOP OF HEREFORD. Simpkin Marshall. 10s.

THE Woolhope Naturalists' Field Club, who issue this book at Hereford, are to be congratulated on an ideal record such as we should wish to see for other counties. Mr. Watkins has been indefatigable in his search and successful with his camera. He considers the interesting queries the subject

suggests, the evidence that Christianity has taken on a pagan emblem, or profited by a previously sacred site, the doubts raised by wayside crosses or place-names, and the use of a cross to mark a line, as befits a special student of ancient trackways. Sometimes the church has vanished leaving the cross or its fragments as a sign, and there is clear evidence that crosses were built for preachers and kneeling in prayer and with niches to hold the pyx. None of these early specimens is associated with a single person, and all were for communal use.

At Llanveynoe the cross was "identified lying under the churchyard wall, September 1929, after two previous visits missing it." This is the only one of Anglo-Saxon date in the county and betrays a Celtic origin. As Mr. Watkins remarks, nineteenth-century architects did deplorably bad work on crosses, and we hope his book will lead to the proper preservation of all these memorials. They are mostly of the fourteenth century, a period of singular grace. Modern "restorations" have much to answer for and are too often mistaken in design.

NEW GUIDE TO POMPEII. By WILHELM ENGELMANN. Second Revised Edition, with 141 Figures and a new Map. Engelmann, Leipsic. 3s.

THIS excellent guide-book in English, of a size which will slip into the male pocket, is very moderate in price, for it is fully illustrated, and gives a good selection of the many things to be seen at Pompeii, which from the luxury of its appointments we take to have been a pleasure town like Brighton. Its Romano-Hellenistic culture was buried in the days of the Emperor Titus, and careful excavation has uncovered many curious details. The fine wall-paintings of the mysteries of Dionysus are still disputed. The Pompeians were a lively and humorous people, and the *graffiti*—scratches on walls—number, we believe, well over 3,000. The book quotes (p. 27) a couplet about this habit which may be rendered :—

> I really wonder that you did not fall;
> You bear so many tedious scribbles, wall.

On the same page the epigram about the swindling vintner seems to demand the word *cum* and *bibis* for *bibes*. Appeals to voters at election time were often written in red letters, and defective grammar belonged to the announcements of gladiators, as it does to sporting correspondents of to-day. Deeper excavation may recover more of the early Etruscan style of building. Digging has been carried out in horizontal layers, and not straight down, since Fiorelli started this careful system in the middle of the nineteenth century. The map at the end shows his gifts for arrangement.

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ANTHOLOGIES.

SONGS AND SLANG OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER, 1914–18. Edited by JOHN BROPHY and ERIC PARTRIDGE. Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.

THIS is an excellent book which we do not expect to be materially improved. Much of the slang, even when, like the word "strafe," it passed to the civilian population at home, has disappeared, but it is well to have a record of it and the songs and parodies which testify to the natural irony and good temper of the British soldier. He was more decent than some of his language, and those who want to see in print all the disgusting words will be disappointed. Further, in the critical remarks which enliven the Glossary of Slang, those excited damsels who have pictured themselves as insulted at every turn will find little to endorse their views. "Nine hundred and ninety-nine lurid stories about them can be entirely discredited" is the comment attached to the "Waacs." The chief weakening of morals in the army is represented by the words "scrounge," "souvenir," and "win," the last a paraphrase recalling Pistol's remark:—

"Convey" the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!

"Umpteen" fills a gap in the language, and the same may be said of "gadget," which is not included. Under "Padre" and "M.O." severe criticism is made. It is declared that Medical Officers "in their treatment of the sick, almost all exhibited neither intelligence nor courtesy." We wonder how much research has been made to justify this sweeping condemnation.

LYRISTS OF THE RESTORATION: ESSAYS MORAL AND POLITE, 1660–1714. Selected and Edited by JOHN and CONSTANCE MASEFIELD. Richards. 2s. 6d. each.

THESE handy little books were first issued twenty-five years ago. They include some outspoken criticism of the authors selected. Lyrists like Carew did not write great poetry, "the

expression of great natures," though the best of them are "perfect within their limits," and justice is done to the gay lightness of Prior. The essayists similarly do not give us great literature, but they have the charm of "very dainty and careful English." Cowley, whose best work does not deserve to be forgotten, figures in both volumes, and Shaftesbury and Jeremy Collier in their different styles are both worth attention.

SONGS FROM THE DRAMATISTS: THOMAS NASHE ON DREAMS. By SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Norwich: Walpole Press. 2s. 6d. each.

THE Walpole Press have had the good idea of publishing in elegant booklets complete collections of songs from the dramatists outside Shakespeare. These are not easy to obtain, and sometimes rise to singular beauty, as in Nashe's

> Brightness falls from the ayre;
> Queenes haue died young and faire,
> Dust hath closde *Helens* eye.

Browne's quaint and lordly prose is a suitable addition to the series. His discourse is a curious mixture of good sense and fancies out of the ivory gate.

FICTION.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES. By ANDRÉ GIDE. Translated from the French by DOROTHY BUSSY. Knopf. 6s.

THE essential characters stand out very clearly in this short, intensive novel. The husband is a fine type of cultivated impostor, entirely selfish, yet usually able to persuade himself, as well as others, that his motives are excellent. Whether in peace or war, he is the successful shirker, presented here with considerable freshness of observation. His wife, whose diary the narrative is supposed to be, discovers that, although she has no definite cause of complaint against him matrimonially, he is repugnant to her, a fact observed by her sympathetic and unconventional young daughter, who shares her repugnance. To add to the wife's sorrow, her boy promises, from childhood onwards, to be a replica of his father. She derives no comfort when, while attempting consolation, her own father confides to her his personal disappointment in married life. We also have the wife's confessor, who, when preaching to her "the beauty of renunciation," fills her with a new horror by promising her as a recompense, the prospect of meeting her husband again in another world, the very last "reward of virtue" that she would choose! She dies when nursing at the front in 1916, while he is at the base, with a *croix de guerre*!

It is not a cheerful story, but it is by no means wanting in sardonic humour. It may be added that the translation does not suggest the change from one language to another.

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[1] *Belfast News-Letter.* [2] *Everyman.* [3] *Bulletin & Scots Pictorial.* [4] *Montrose Standard.* [5] *Daily Mail (Hull).* [6] *Public Opinion.* [7] *Irish Independent.* [8] *Glasgow News.*

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THE MALTESE FALCON. By DASHIELL HAMMETT. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

As the work of "an ex-Pinkerton detective," this American story of criminals and a desperate endeavour to secure the Maltese Falcon, an ornament encrusted with jewels of immense value, is guaranteed to be veracious. It keeps up the excitement very well, with a crowd of pursuers and pursued chasing one another round. The hero is a gross Don Juan, a private detective who has reason to fear the official police, and quite early in the book his partner is shot by an unknown hand. Mr. Hammett indulges in a full dose of the picturesque in describing his characters and will puzzle some readers with his American slang. Here is a specimen:

> I don't know howcome he left that shelter, but they got him once in New York for knocking over a row of stuss-games, his girl turned him up, and he was in a year before Falcon got him sprung.

The most striking thing in the story to an English critic is the utter insensibility of the criminals. Man, girl, and boy, they all "bump off" victims with a revolver without a touch of conscience or remorse.

TASTE AND MANNERS.

GOOD MANNERS AND BAD. By HUGH SCOTT. Benn. 10s. 6d.

PEOPLE are apt to regard themselves as the bright exception to ordinary rules, but if any practical change in behaviour can

come out of a book, the gaudy, blabbing and remorseless world of to-day might learn much from Mr. Scott's hints. His writing might be improved, but he has a sense of humour, and his little stories emphasize his points well. Much of the advice is old, but not the less pertinent for that. One of the warnings Marcus Aurelius wrote for himself was:

> Seldom and only when driven to it, to say or write, "I have no time"; and not to indulge the tendency to cry off duties arising out of our natural relations with those about us, on the pretext of press of business.

He also wished "to mind my own business and scout slander." Many busy people to-day find time to answer letters and particular requests within a reasonable time, a duty scandalously neglected by the casual. Punctuality, too, is an obvious virtue, the neglect of which wastes a lot of time and might be left to those beauties who make a practice of keeping their admirers waiting. A want of imaginative sympathy is the ultimate cause of most examples of bad manners. Here is a fault Mr. Scott has not noticed. On a cold day people open the doors of an Underground train and enter without closing them. We have seen this done time after time, as if there were not normally enough draughts about in the English winter to raise the coughs and colds which are a nuisance, if not a danger, to everybody. Women have developed a particular hardness, as Mr. Scott notes, and in positions of control they are notoriously severe. We add after long observation that they are special offenders in taking unfair advantages in a queue. They "push like pigs," as Theocritus noted, where a man keeps his place. A football crowd shows better order and better temper than people who value themselves on their superior position in life. The post-war world of straitened means has led to a game of rough and tumble and devil take the hindmost which is disgusting to the decently educated.

To bother people with questions is bad manners, and we may add Johnson's dictum that to speak of one who is present in the third person is always indelicate, and may be offensive. Johnson did not always reject the weather as an opening gambit for talk, but if anyone has a doubt about starting a conversation with an unknown neighbour, here is a useful hint. Talk about a subject which interests everybody, and in which idiosyncrasies are freely recognized, food. The proper study of mankind is meals. Mr. Scott approaches pedantry in his views of the vernacular. "Those sort of people" is a sound English idiom to be found several times in the novels of Jane Austen, whose English was surely good enough. The "getters," "gold-diggers," and "gate-crashers" of to-day are odious specimens of our so-called civilization. They are so far above all the old-fashioned virtues

ECONOMIC PROSPERITY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

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Evening Standard: "We can only recommend it as a whole alike to all who are interested in the policy of Empire Free Trade, whether they are for or against or at present merely neutral."

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that their case seems hopeless. They have forgotten that good manners are a commendation in themselves, being deep in the ruts of exhibitionism and selfishness. Ceremony may sometimes cover a dull emptiness, but "the assumption that boorishness and moral worth necessarily go together . . . is quite erroneous." What Falstaff calls the "malady of not marking" is on the increase, and two people only anxious to talk hard without listening to each other add often enough to the current burden of superfluous noise.

When a book includes a lot of detail, and is worth serious reading, literary good manners should supply an index. Mr. Scott does not know, or has forgotten, this detail.

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF BOOKS. By J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.

A BOOK should be a beautiful thing, if it contains matter really worth printing, and we welcome the suggestions to that end made by the author and printed in a leisurely, comely form which illustrates his views. There should be general agreement among readers of taste concerning most of his points, though we are not altogether sorry that ragless paper is going to lead to the early disappearance of some books. We do not know that we want to see italics wholly abolished on a title-page or elsewhere. They are suitable, we think, for a classical quotation, if an author chooses to adorn his title-page with it. On printing dates of publication, putting the table of contents first before the preface, and other practical matters, Mr. Whitehouse is very sound. Indexes, as we have often pointed out, are apt to be inferior or even altogether omitted, which is ridiculous when any book is worth reading and re-reading for a particular point or passage. The absence of an index of first lines in a book with many short pieces of poetry is maddening but not infrequent in modern practice. Blank pages for notes and reviews at the end is a good idea already adopted by real students when they have their books

rebound. The "Word to Reviewers" is rather outside the scope of the book, but very sensible.

A list of the author's books facing the title-page is common and an inducement to the reader to have confidence in him. If it is to come at the end of the book, as is suggested, it will lose that effect. Mr. Whitehouse is against the use of Roman pagination for introductory matter. We are not sure that a practical man would not abolish it altogether, for it is a copious source of inaccuracy. Many times we have been misled by a "vi" printed for a "iv," or some similar misprint in a reference of importance. Binding is a detail in which a great improvement of late years is recognized, though we have come across many bad examples. As current expenses mean a much larger sale than before the war to make a profit, shoddy work is a natural temptation. Shoddy English, too, and absurd punctuation are passed by publishers in books they regard as safe sellers with a large appeal to the public. Indolent or easily satisfied critics ignore such details and have often, it is true, to work in haste. But when they boast of knocking off from 20 to 30 books a week, it is evident that they are commercial hacks.

The cheaper leather covers are certainly not made to last. Buckram, available in various good colours, is "very satisfactory," and not so common as it used to be.

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